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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION
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February/March 1987
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HULK AND PIPER: CAN THEY EVER TRUST ONE ANOTHER?
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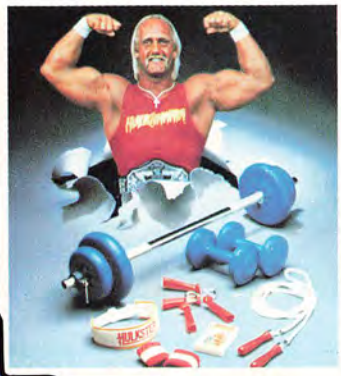

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WWF Magazine, The Official Publication Of The World Wrestling Federation (ISSN 8756-7792. USPS 720-450) is published semi-monthly by Titan Sports Publications, Inc., 1055 Summer Street, Stamford, CT 06905. Single copy price $2.25 in the United States, $3.00 in Canada. U.S. subscription rates: 6 issues, $13; 12 issues, $23. Canadian subscription rates: 6 issues, $19; 12 issues, $35; payable ONLY in U.S. funds. All prices include postage & handling. 2nd class postage paid at Stamford, CT 06905. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to WWF MAGAZINE, Post Office Box 10140, Des Moines, IA 50340-0140. Printed by R.R. Donnelley & Sons, Mattoon, Illinois Manufacturing Division. Distributed by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, NJ 07006. Hulk Hogan, Hulkster and Hulkamania are trademarks of the Marvel Comics Group, licensed exclusively to Titan Sports, Inc. WrestleMania, WWF, all other distinctive names and all character likenesses used herein are trademarks of Titan Sports, Inc. All Rights Reserved. ©1986 Titan Sports, Inc. The entire contents of this publication are copyright 1986 by Titan Sports Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Nothing in this issue may be reproduced in any manner without the expressed written consent of Titan Sports Publications, Inc. We are not responsible for unsolicited material sent to us. ©1986 Titan Sports Publications, Inc.

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Volume 5 Number 2

Cover:
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February - March 87

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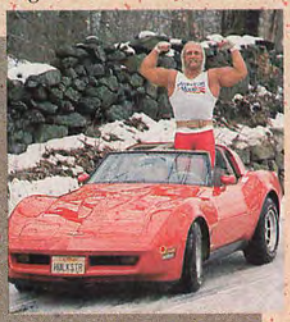

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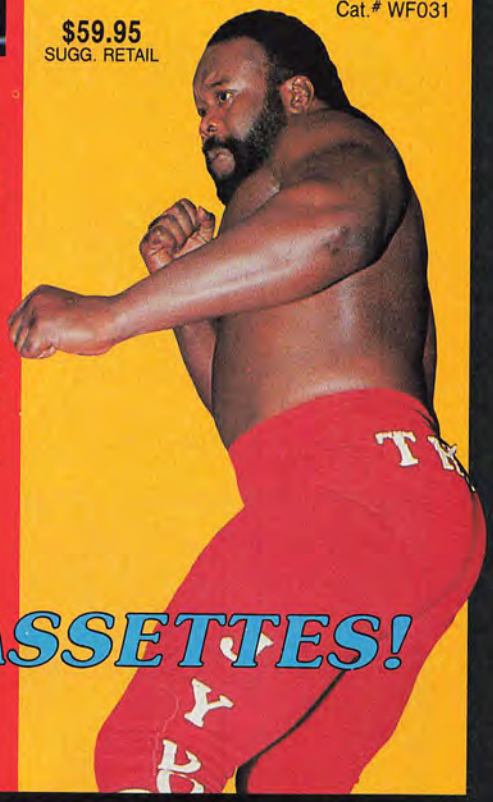

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Around The Ring

by Ed Ricciuti

Readers, *WWF Magazine* owes you a hearty "thanks." You have made this publication the best-selling wrestling magazine on the market. The publishers, editors and everyone else associated with the magazine appreciate your support and promise to work harder to provide an even better publication in the future. Our aim is to publish a magazine that covers the best in professional wrestling in a manner that no other publication can duplicate. We pledge to stress quality in all aspects of magazine publishing—photography, design and editorial. Our philosophy always has centered on the idea that the WWF is unique in all sports and entertainment, and the magazine must reflect this position.

We also know that without you, our readers, there would be no *WWF Magazine.* It is your magazine, so we would appreciate any thoughts, comments or suggestions on how to make this publication better. Let us hear from you.

* * *

The Name "World Wrestling Federation" says it all. The WWF is a truly global organization.

Aussie fans love the WWF

The WWF is now as much a part of Australia as koalas

WWF stars excite audiences at all ends of the earth. As testimony to this fact, consider this letter from Australian fan Nick Paker, who lives Down Under in Panorama, South Australia.

"In your June/July issue," he writes, "the article on sign language of WWF fans inspired me to make a sign. The sign was about my two favorite wrestlers, the tag team of S.D. Jones and Paul Roma. After the show I showed them my sign, and they liked it so much they asked me if they could keep it. Of course, I gave it to them. I can't wait to see them down here again."

* * *

From Canada, another reader writes with a suggestion. She's Leslie Saunders of Missauga, Ontario. "Would you consider a pen pal section for WWF fans? Each person who would like to participate could list their favorite wrestlers, and then we could all write one another."

Not a bad idea. Tell you what, Leslie, we can use this column to print selected letters from fans with answers from the appropriate wrestlers. Anyone who's interested should write to us at:

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And from Ede, Holland, Ben G. De Ooy writes that he enjoys watching the WWF on cable television via the European Sky Channel and reads the *WWF Magazine,* now available in his city.

Hulkamania *knows no bounds*

Ben is, he says, "an incredible, great fan of Hulk Hogan." It seems that *Hulkamania* knows no geographical or political boundaries.

* * *

WWF wrestling is truly a family affair. If you doubt it, consider this letter from Craig Partrow of Brooklyn, New York. He collects WWF action figures and says he likes all the WWF stars. His 14-year-old brother "likes Macho Man" (Randy Savage). His 15-year-old sister "likes Paul Orndorff" and his mother "likes George 'The Animal' Steele." His father is a fan of Hulk Hogan.

Talk about conflicting loyalties. It'd be interesting to be around Craig's household when the WWF is on television. WF

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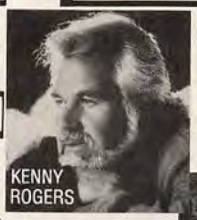

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WWF LOWDOWN

Editor's Note: Future issues of the *WWF Magazine* will carry more details on many of the items reported in this column.

Hercules Hernandez has a new manager, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan. The wily Brain bought the burly wrestler's contract from his old manager, Slick, for a fat sum. Heenan intends to do big things with Hernandez, who has strength and a brutal disposition, just the type of wrestler the Brain likes. Heenan apparently is playing on Hercules' belief that he is the reincarnation of the Hercules of myth in order to convince the wrestler that he, like his legendary counterpart, is invincible.

* * *

Speaking of managers, the Honky Tonk Man, a relatively new entry into the WWF, has signed with Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart. Honky Tonk, who made his first impression as an easy-going sort of guy, is now talking tough. No more fooling around, he says. He wants big wins. And that, says Honky Tonk, is why he joined up with Hart. "Look what he's done for (Jim) Neidhart and (Bret) Hart," says Honky Tonk. "He's got them to the top. Where I want to be."

Hart with new man, Honky Tonk (right)

* * *

Harley Race is the acknowledged King of the Ring. Well, when he's not on the road and at home, he lives in an appropriate manner. Race really does live like a king, in a palatial house, with all the proper accouterments of royalty. Wrestling has been good to Harley.

* * *

Fans who watch the WWF on television know that there has been increasing criticism of some of the refereeing in certain matches. While the refs always have been targets of complaints from one side or another, this time it looks serious. A real brouhaha is developing, and at the center of the controversy is ref Danny Davis, whose conduct between the ropes has drawn heavy fire from top WWF officials.

Davis, a tough cookie, seems bent on going his own way and interpreting the rules purely as he sees them. Some insiders say there is even more to the story than is immediately apparent and that a real scandal is brewing around Davis.

Ref Danny Davis

* * *

Killer Bee B. Brian Blair likes competition; that much is evident from his conduct in the ring. He likes it outside the ring, too. One of his favorite pursuits is tussling with big game fish in the sea off his native Florida. Blair says he likes to test himself against fighting giants from the deep. WF

Blair—loves competition

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Vengeance Prompts Roddy Piper To Save Hulk Hogan From Paul Orndorff In This

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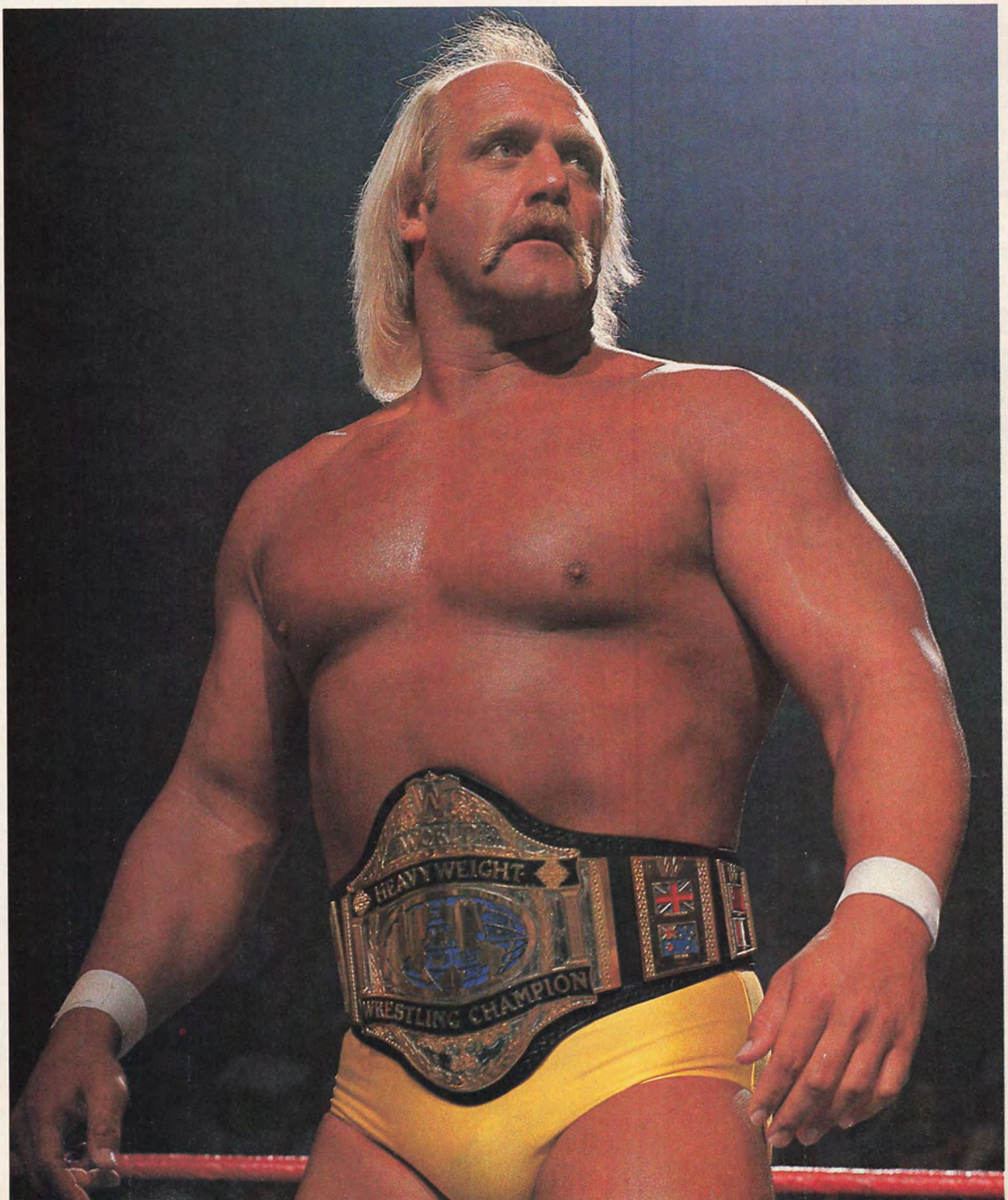


ITANS

For World Wrestling Federation fans who witnessed the confrontation between Hulk Hogan and Paul "Mr. Wonderful" Orndorff on *Saturday Night's Main Event* last October 4, it seemed the world turned upside down. World Wrestling Federation Champion Hogan fought valiantly to fend off a vicious attack by Orndorff and Adorable Adrian Adonis, bulging under an ill-fitting frock. Groggy from the beating administered by his two attackers, Hogan was in deep trouble. In a matter of moments, watchers sensed, he would be totally at the mercy of the ruthless duo who had unfairly assaulted him.

But then—miracle of miracles—help arrived. And from a most unexpected source. Into the ring, his injured knee supported by a crutch, limped Rowdy Roddy Piper, the man who had for years been Hogan's mortal enemy. Swinging his crutch as a weapon, eyes burning with anger, Piper drove Adonis and Orndorff from the ring, ending the mayhem they were inflicting on the champion.

The irony was incredible; Piper and Hogan, in the ring together, both bent on vengeance, but not upon one another as in the past. Instead, it was Hogan after Orndorff, and Piper after the Adorable One. As most fans know, Orndorff had previously betrayed Hogan, and Adonis had done the same to Piper. And behind both acts of treachery lurked the cunning mind of Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, whose underhanded tactics have made him one of the most successful managers in the WWF.

Heenan (inset) taunts Hogan while Orndorff listens in vain for applause.

Heenan had fanned Orndorff's jealousy of Hogan to such a fever pitch that Mr. Wonderful had turned on the champion when both were in the ring as a tag team. The Brain also exploited rivalry between Adonis and Piper over their competing television shows. As a result, Adonis, with the Magnificent Muraco and Cowboy Bob Orton, ambushed Piper on the production set and

Backbreaker by Orndorff

Hogan had been prodded into cold fury by Orndorff's emergence as the "Benedict Arnold of Wrestling" and by Heenan's subsequent taunts.

beat him severely, injuring his knee, not to say his towering pride.

Thus, Piper and Hogan had scores to settle. Adonis' illegal appearance in the ring gave Piper the chance. For the Hulk, the *Saturday Night's Main Event* match with Orndorff offered the opportunity to settle Mr. Wonderful's hash.

The Hogan-Orndorff match was a war. Hogan had been prodded into cold fury by Orndorff's emergence as the "Benedict Arnold of Wrestling" and by Heenan's subsequent taunts. (The Brain repeatedly referred to Hogan as the "ex-champion" and "that albino ape.") Orndorff, for his part, was seething with jealousy of Hogan and desire for his title.

Even before the opening bell, it was obvious that the two adversaries could hardly wait to tear into one another. Orndorff stood in his corner, staring at the champion and almost trembling with rage. Hogan reached out his muscular arm and pointed at Orndorff, a gesture that said forcefully, "I want you."

Because of their vast ring experience, however, neither Hogan nor Orndorff committed himself to any rash action once the bell sounded. They circled one another warily, on the balls of their feet, like great jungle cats ready to spring. Then, as both sensed supposed openings in the opponent's defenses, they exploded with a barrage of thunderous lefts and rights. Mighty fists slammed into slabs of muscle. Sweat flew. Heads snapped back on columnlike necks. Yet, despite the immense power of the blows, neither man gave ground.

Hogan gets in Orndorff's hair

As the battle raged, however, Hogan changed tactics. Moving with the deceptive speed that characterizes the 303-pound champion, he catapulted off the ropes and floored Orndorff, then quick as lightning turned and blasted Heenan — who was lurking just outside the ropes — with a massive forearm. Hogan's attack on Heenan, damaging to the Brain as it was, nevertheless was a mistake. It distracted Hogan's attention from Orndorff, who immediately tore into the champion and bowled him out of the ring.

Outside the ring, Orndorff continued his furious assault. Massive muscles rippling, eyes bulging from his head and white teeth bared in a savage snarl, Orndorff pounded Hogan with hands and feet, then seized the champion's long blond hair and tried to batter his head into the edge of the ring. Although dazed, however, Hogan was far from senseless. As Orndorff attempted to whip Hogan's head down, he extended his immense arms, put his hands on the edge of the ring, locked his elbows and stiffened his neck. It was almost as if the champion was saying, "Enough is enough."

Orndorff strove to smash Hogan's head down, but even the colossal strength of Mr. Wonderful could not budge the champion. The crowd roared with approval as Hogan turned toward Orndorff, glared at him and gave tit for tat. The Hulkster reached out, seized Orndorff's head and smashed Mr. Wonderful's surprised face into the ring.

Most men would have given up the ghost at that blow, but

Help arrived from a most unexpected source. Into the ring, his injured knee supported by a crutch, limped Rowdy Roddy Piper, the man who had for years been Hogan's mortal enemy.

Orndorff, although hurting, shook it off. Seconds later, both strongmen were within the ropes again, trading blows that seems capable of knocking down a horse. Using his superior reach, Hogan landed his rocklike fists repeatedly on Orndorff's head. Orndorff staggered backward, and Hogan followed up his advantage by crowding Mr. Wonderful into a corner. Grabbing Orndorff by the head, Hogan smashed him into the turnbuckle. Sweat rained from Orndorff as Hogan whammed him into the turnbuckle a second time.

Dazed, legs wobbly, Orndorff staggered and slumped to the canvas. But because of his incredible stamina and strength, he recovered his senses almost as soon as his magnificent body touched the mat, and he started to rise. He was greeted by a Hogan headbutt that sent Mr. Wonderful to the mat again. Sensing the kill, Hogan grabbed Orndorff and slammed him into a corner. Orndorff was almost defenseless. The match appeared ready to end. But then Heenan clambered onto the ring apron and distracted Hogan. The champion turned and slapped Heenan off the ring apron like a man brushing away a pesty fly.

Mighty fists slammed into slabs of muscle. Sweat flew. Heads snapped back on columnlike necks. Yet, despite the immense power of the blows, neither man gave ground.

Again, the distraction provided by Heenan worked against Hogan. From behind, a recovered Orndorff ripped a right to Hogan's throat, cutting off the champion's air and sending him to the mat. While Hulk gagged and tried desperately to regain his wind, Orndorff rained elbows and knees on the Hulkster's body and head. Hogan rolled partway out of the ring. Orndorff leapt on him and dragged him to the arena floor, where Mr. Wonderful pulled out all the stops. While Heenan screeched in glee, Hogan was

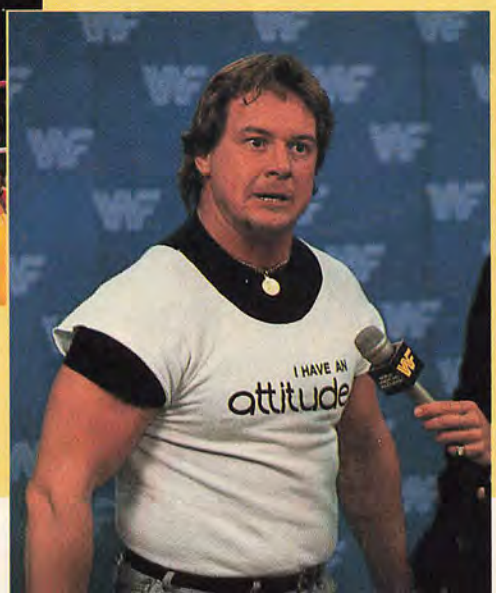
HULK AND PIPER: Can They Ever Trust One Another?

A WWF Magazine Ring Analysis

A moment of uncertainty

World Wrestling Federation Champion Hulk Hogan and Rowdy Roddy Piper as a tag team? Only a few months ago, Ronald Reagan sipping tea with Muammar Khadafi might have seemed more likely. But, as the world has witnessed, Hogan and Piper have in fact joined forces on occasion in the ring, with devastating results for their opponents. Not that the two are bosom buddies. Far from it. Even as they agreed to have a go as a team, they disclaimed any sort of real allegiance to one another.

"The fans want it, so I'll try it; but that's the only reason," snapped Piper, when he first revealed that he would consider Hogan as a tag team partner. Piper's decision was indeed prompted by an overwhelming mandate from WWF fans who saw Hogan as a logical partner once Piper broke with old confederates such as Bobby "The



Piper—an unwitting savior

smashed with a table, then strangled with a ring cord.

Anticipating victory, Orndorff jumped back into the ring, corded arms raised in triumph. But Mr. Wonderful had counted his chickens too soon. Hardly conscious, his great body trembling, Hogan was not finished. Drawing on deep reserves of spirit and strength, he crawled back through the ropes—where Orndorff rocked him with a knee and sent him to the arena floor again.

Once more the champion dragged himself into the ring. His towering frame shook as Orndorff swarmed on him, knees and fists dealing out murderous punishment. Finally, an uppercut to the throat sent Hogan down on his back. Orndorff covered the champion but, to Mr. Wonderful's surprise, the Hulkster kicked out. Still confident, however, Orndorff seized the Hulkster and smashed him to the mat with a pulverizing suplex. Again Orndorff went for the pin, with Hogan kicking out at the last second.

Orndorff ripped a right to Hogan's throat, sending him to the mat. While Hulk gagged and tried desperately to regain his wind, Orndorff rained elbows and knees on the Hulkster's body and head.

For a split second, a look of doubt crossed Orndorff's square-jawed face. Could anything put down the champion? Hogan raised himself to hands and knees, with Orndorff kicking at him furiously. Seemingly numb to pain, the Hulkster shook his massive head, trying to clear his senses. His mane of hair whipped from side to side and, as the arena rocked to the crowd's cheers, he lurched to his feet.

Orndorff, seeing victory slip away, made a rash move and attempted an Irish whip, which Hogan reversed. As Orndorff came off the ropes, the Hulkster grabbed him, heaved him into the air and then stunned him with a bodyslam that shook the ring. Before Hogan could follow up,

Brain" Heenan, Cowboy Bob Orton and the Magnificent Muraco (see *Battle of the Titans,* this issue).

Piper had left himself without allies because of the break. His many followers among fans saw Hogan as a logical ally, since the motley crew out to get Piper—Heenan and company—were also after the Hulkster's scalp.

The Hulkster's reasons for allowing Piper to team with him are not as clear. Certainly, he knew the fans wanted to see it. Insiders say Hogan also saw that Piper was a man alone, embattled from all sides, with no one to call on for help. Hogan's sense of fair play may have prompted him to give Piper the benefit of the doubt.

So, contacts were made, and promoters put Piper and Hogan together as a team for certain key matches. As a wrestling duo, they are awesome. Hogan's power and unquenchable spirit combine with Piper's raw nerve and tenacity to make a fighting machine that doesn't quit. Battling side by side, they are fearsome—but they still leave the impression that they are almost as wary of one another as their opponents.

The plain fact of the matter is that the long history of bad blood between the champion and the Rowdy One has not been erased from either's mind. They may carry out their mission as a team between the ropes, but it is evident that by no means do they trust one another, nor may they ever.

How can they? Piper and Hogan have waged some of the most bitter wars ever fought between the ropes. Piper has gone after Hogan in down-and-dirty back alley fashion, in and out of the ring. Savaged by Piper's repeated attacks, angered at his tactics, Hogan responded with the fury of an outraged colossus, and Piper paid the price.

All that seems in the past, but too much water may have passed under the bridge for either Hogan or Piper to fully forget. On the other hand, they do seem to have a grudging respect for one another. "Hogan's got guts," Piper admits.

As for Hogan, he says, "Piper's something else. You can try to put him down, but you can't keep him down. I'll give credit where it's due. When they made Piper, they threw away the mold."

For sure, comments like those show that Hulk and Piper have come a long way from the days of their vendettas. But whether they will ever gain any real measure of trust, no one—certainly not either of them—can predict. WF

The battle raged in and out of the ring

however, Heenan snaked an arm under the ropes and grabbed the champion by the foot.

With Hulk immobilized, Orndorff charged, but the champion ducked and Mr. Wonderful slammed into Heenan. The collision sent Heenan and Orndorff sprawling to the arena floor. Outraged at Heenan's continuing interference, the referee called in arena security men, who grabbed the Brain, hauled him to the dressing room and locked him behind the door.

Facing Orndorff, Hogan held up his two index fingers, signifying it was now "one on one." Far from being cowed, Orndorff went after Hogan like a mad dog. The battle spilled in and out of the ring. Finally, Orndorff was left standing in the ring as Hogan tried to regain it. Half up on the apron, Hogan took several Orndorff kicks that sent the champion down. Suddenly, it was all Orndorff. Elbows, chokes, clotheslines—Orndorff unleashed his arsenal on the champion.

Seemingly numb to pain, the Hulkster shook his massive head, trying to clear his senses. His mane of hair whipped from side to side and, as the arena rocked to the crowd's cheers, he lurched to his feet.

It was Orndorff with a backbreaker. Orndorff hauling Hulk to his feet and sending him down again with a forearm to the throat. Orndorff choking Hogan until the referee dragged the challenger off. And then Orndorff going for the move that would end it all—the piledriver.

As Orndorff started to lift Hogan for the piledriver, the Hulkster tensed like a coiled spring, then wrapped his arms around Orndorff. Snapping upright, Hogan flung Orndorff over his shoulders. The move shocked more than hurt Orndorff, but it gave Hogan enough time to regain his feet and turn the tide. The champion seemed suddenly

invincible. Orndorff shook and shuddered under an assault of elbows and knuckles. Hammered, Orndorff went down. And the Hulkster prepared to give Orndorff some of his own medicine. Seizing Orndorff in mighty arms, Hogan went for the piledriver.

At that moment what had appeared to be a frumpy woman edged toward ringside. That was no lady, as it turned out, but a snarling Adrian Adonis. He scuttled into the ring and leapt on Hogan from behind. Hogan turned to deal with his new enemy, exposing his back to Orndorff. The champion was between a rock and a hard place. Despite the referee's attempts to halt the unfair contest, Adonis and Orndorff whaled on Hogan. He fell back before them, outmanned and taking a terrible beating.

Hardly able to believe his eyes, a dazed Hogan turned to meet what he thought was yet another attacker. Piper stared at Hogan for a moment, then turned and left the ring. It was an astonishing moment in wrestling history.

Enter Roddy Piper. Helped by his crutch, he moved down the aisle and somehow got into the ring. Fearlessly, he sailed into Adonis, then Orndorff. Piper wielded his crutch like the fierce Scotch Highlanders who were his ancestors swung their claymore broadswords. And suddenly, the ring was empty save for Piper and Hogan.

Hardly able to believe his eyes, a dazed Hogan turned to meet what he thought was yet another attacker. But the assault never came. Piper stared at Hogan for a moment, then turned and left the ring. Hogan, still in shock, followed Piper to the dressing room with his eyes. It was an astonishing moment in wrestling history, and one which presaged the uneasy alliance between Hulk and his old nemesis, Piper, that remains to be resolved. WF

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Proud father (center) with the Rougeau brothers

WRESTLING FAT

Leaping Lanny Poffo, the World Wrestling Federation's poet laureate, is probably best equipped to describe the tingling emotions felt by a boy observing his father doing battle in a wrestling ring. His poem, *Before The Bell,* lends some insight into why so many follow their sires into the squared circle:

It wasn't very long ago
I had a ringside seat.
My father was a champion
Who seldom knew defeat.
I'd pray each night
to God above,
If I could pay my dues,
That I could be
a wrestler, too,
And fill my father's shoes.

Lanny is just one of a host of second generation wrestlers competing in the WWF; his father, Angelo, enjoyed a 35-year career and set the world situp record with 6,033 in 1945. Greg Valentine's dad, Johnny, was distinguished by his long endurance, leg maneuvers and ability to brawl back from the brink of collapse. Nick Kiniski grew up watching the head of his household, Gene, a one-time Canadian football player considered to be among the meanest grapplers ever to step through the ropes. Bob Orton Sr. taught the piledriver to young "Ace," who expanded on it to create the superplex. Raymond and Jacques Rougeau were tutored by their pop, Jacques Sr., and uncle, Johnny. Barrel-chested Stu Hart, the amateur wrestling

AWL THE ILY!

Orton, senior (left), and junior

HERS AND SONS

champion of Canada before making his professional debut in 1946, ruled his home with an iron fist, according to son Bret, the "Hit Man."

The reason the family trunks are passed down so often, claims Bret, is "most wrestlers are no good at anything else, so they copy their daddies. Of course, I'm the exception. I could have been a brain surgeon, a mortician or a beautician. But I became a wrestler to bring honor to my family and my hometown of Calgary."

Jacques Rougeau Jr. has a different explanation. "You're brought up in arenas, traveling with your father. In school, everyone sees your father as a hero. My father was Canadian champion three times, and my brother and I would even be introduced over the public address system when we went with him to hockey games in Montreal. We wanted to become the hero he was."

Some fathers encouraged their sons to take up wrestling. Stu Hart proudly points out that, in addition to having a son in the Hart Foundation, all four of his daughters are married to grapplers. "I think wrestling is a great profession," he says. "It's the best sport in the world. When you rise to the top, knowing you can counter any hold or ugly move, you feel like there's nothing you can't do. Through wrestling, I met people like President Kennedy, Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey—people the average man only reads about."

Bob Orton Sr., on the other hand, tried to discourage Ace

from entering the mat wars: "I wanted him to be an orthodontist. You're making money, working with kids in a nice, clean office. But it was hard to change Bob's mind; he never did talk much anyway."

Gene Kiniski also tried to steer Nick toward the medical profession. "That little (expletive deleted)!" rages the brute who came close to pinching the WWF Heavyweight Belt in the 1960s. "I had him all set for veterinary school!

"The hazards in wrestling are tremendous," Gene says. "Aside from injuries, you're always traveling and eating road food. There really isn't any such thing as team spirit because everyone's competing for the world championship. So you have no real friends, but there are always thousands of people around you."

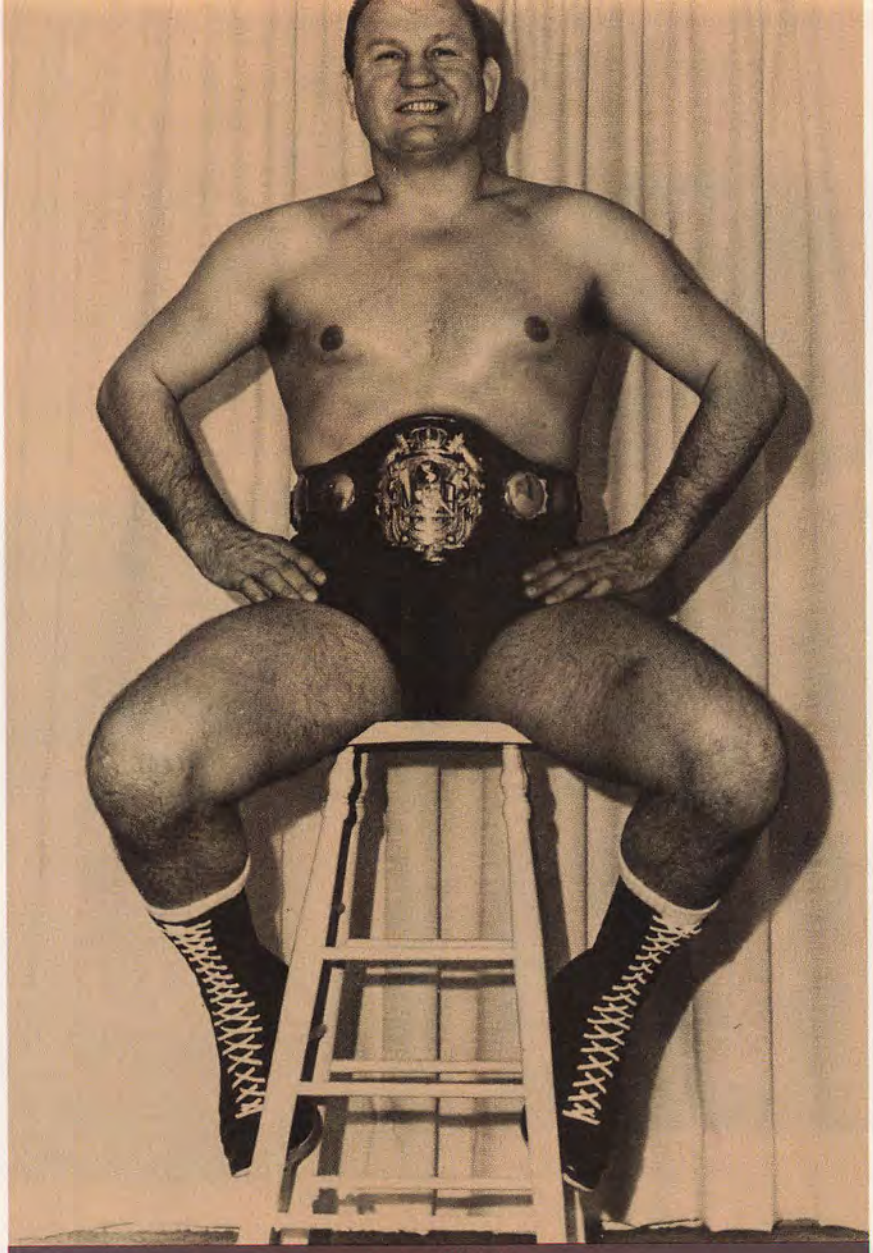
Greg "The Hammer" Valentine can deal with it. "Sure, I tried to listen to my father when he spoke about what a tough life wrestlers lead. I went to college, majoring in electronics and journalism. But wrestling was my life. Anything else was lying to myself."

Without exception, the fathers' careers inspired the sons. Bret Hart admired his dad's dedication, noting that Stu spent his wedding night wrestling Arnold Skaaland. The Rougeaus remembered Jacques Sr. fighting bravely after breaking his leg in a Montreal ring. Nick Kiniski read over and over the clippings from the *Edmonton Journal* detailing Gene's 1957 Exhibition Gardens war with Whipper Billy Watson. The newspaper reported that scalpers received $150 per ticket, and the snarling, crew-cutted Gene entered the ring by walking on the heads of the dense crowd.

Each father had his own unique way of preparing his son for life on the canvas once wrestling became his chosen path.

Once, during a living room pool game, Gene Kiniski moved a ball when Nick's back was turned. When the boy discovered the ruse, he was told, "Let that be a lesson to you. If your own father would cheat you, anyone will."

Jacques Rougeau made his sons work out for one hour daily. "We resented it at first because it was work," says Jacques Jr. "Kids don't like work. Then, when our muscles grew and we were bigger than the kids at school, we started to like it more." For dropkick and head scissor lessons, Pop flew in Mexican wrestlers Pepe Villa and Jose Corea. Additional coaching



Gene Kiniski

Bret "Hit Man" Hart

Angelo Poffo

LIKENING THE LINEAGE: COMPARING FATHERS AND SONS

Name	Measurements	Specialty
Lanny Poffo	6′2″, 245 lbs.	Backflip, Head Scissors
Angelo Poffo	6′0″, 222 lbs.	Neckbreaker
Nick Kiniski	6′3″, 265 lbs.	Belly-To-Back Suplex
Gene Kiniski	6′5″, 275 lbs.	Backbreaker
Raymond Rougeau	6′0″, 238 lbs.	Le Bomb de Rougeau (tag move off top rope)
Jacques Rougeau Jr.	6′3″, 240 lbs.	
Jacques Rougeau Sr.	6′4″, 240 lbs.	Sleeper
Greg Valentine	6′1″, 250 lbs.	Figure-Four Leglock, Abdominal Stretch, Elbow Smash
Johnny Valentine	6′3″, 265 lbs.	Figure-Four Leglock, Abdominal Stretch, Elbow Smash
Bob Orton Jr.	6′3½″, 250 lbs.	Superplex
Bob Orton Sr.	6′4″, 260 lbs.	Piledriver
Bret Hart	6′0″, 240 lbs.	Hart Attack
Stu Hart	6′0″, 250 lbs.	Flying Cradle

Greg "The Hammer" Valentine

came from ring great Eduoard Carpentier.

Greg Valentine has a vivid memory of standing in a chilly hotel room, being taught by his father how to apply the maximum amount of weight to a punch.

Of the WWF's second generation grapplers, Valentine's style is most similar to his father's. Both gained notoriety for using the elbow smash, abdominal stretch and figure-four leglock. "I had to make my own changes because he was taller than I am," says Greg. "I pushed a lot of iron and turned being stockier into an advantage; my figure-four is about two steps more advanced than my father's. I'm able to apply more pressure. My father's legs were longer, so it was easier for his opponents to slip out."

Like "Hit Man," Stu Hart was partial to tag teaming. "My partner, Lord Blears, and myself were strong, but we were also very fast," he says. "We would have been a good match for Bret and Jim 'The Anvil' Neidhart." Bret claims that Stu's tagging tips have made the Hart Foundation "the best technical team going."

Leaping Lanny Poffo differs from his father in both technique and attitude. Angelo Poffo was a rulebreaker whose philosophy was, "They don't ask *how* you won, they ask *if* you won." Lanny courts fan support. The squat Angelo used to wrestle close to the mat, and the neckbreaker was his specialty. Lanny is an aerial artist. He says, "I don't have the same hand and wrist strength as my father, so I had to choose

moves which better fit my anatomy."

The two find common ground on the subject of general living. "My father taught me to keep a sound mind in a sound body," says Lanny. "He stayed away from cigarettes, alcohol and drugs. I'm indebted to him for teaching me discipline."

Gene Kiniski is the first to admit that he was never as "pretty" as his son. Nick jokes, "I'm glad I was blessed with my father's talent and my mother's looks."

The senior Orton is happy his son has broken with Rowdy Roddy Piper. "I never liked his being Piper's bodyguard, taking a backseat to anybody. I don't think there's a wrestler who can outperform Bob. He can execute the most intricate moves—if he wants to. He's a high-caliber athlete."

Angelo Poffo objects to Lanny's tossing frisbees—inscribed with original verse—to his fans. "He was bewildered by it," Lanny says, "but I feel I must reach out to the people in the arena. Without them, I wouldn't have a dollar."

Johnny Valentine's advice to Greg: "Never close your eyes. When you think you know everything, you learn that you know nothing at all. Wrestling changes every day."

Jacques Rougeau's counsel has nothing to do with ring strategy, yet all wrestlers can gain something from it. "These days don't last forever," he tells his sons. "Save your money." WF

Old Grand Dadski

At least two World Wrestling Federation stars can boast that their maternal grandfathers were world-class athletes. Bret "Hit Man" Hart is descended from Harry James Smith—a.k.a. "Handsome Harry"-a runner on the 1912 U.S. Olympic Team. Nikolai Volkoff's grandpa was Russian grappling star Ante Tomasevic.

Built similarly to his sinister descendant, Tomasevic relied heavily on the bearhug. In typical Bolshevik fashion, he was revolutionary—a bodybuilder in an era that was high on agility and low on bulk.

When he wasn't banging heads on the mat, Tomasevic served as bodyguard for King Franz Josef of Austria-Hungary, whose restrictive policies toward Serbia were largely responsible for World War I.

Volkoff compares wrestling in the Soviet Union to Sunday softball in the United States. "You don't just wrestle in school," he brags. "You wrestle in clubs regularly until you're about 45 years old. We're better wrestlers than Americans because we have a better system. That's why the stupid Americans never won a gold medal in Greco-Roman wrestling in the Olympics, except when the Russians didn't show up. While our history is proud, yours is pathetic." WF

Old granddad

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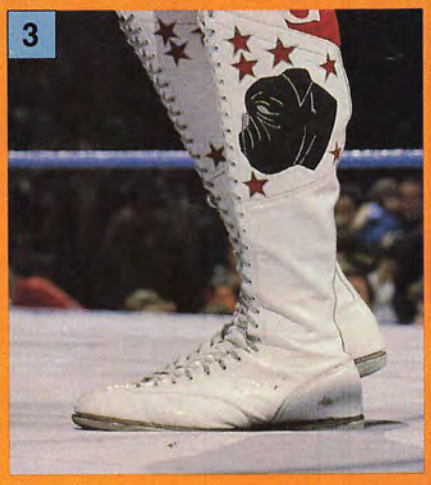
GETTING THE BOOT!

Most wrestlers wear ring garb that is distinctive and expresses something important about their personality. Some adopt traditional dress of their homelands. Others opt for gear that reflects their life style or allegiance to a cause or, perhaps, ethnic background. Occasionally, apparel and other equipment worn into the ring have hidden purposes — hiding places for a foreign object, possibly, or usefulness as a weapon. Many of the Iron Sheik's opponents, for example, have claimed that he literally gives them the boot, with footwear designed as weaponry.

Speaking of boots, probably no other item in a wrestler's wardrobe varies so uniquely from man to man. The boot can be a wrestler's identification badge. Pictured on these pages are the boots of several stars seen regularly in the ring. Test your knowledge by guessing which boots belong to whom. You can find the answers, keyed by number, in the box below.

ANSWERS: 1. Jake "The Snake" Roberts 2. Randy "Macho Man" Savage 3. Junk Yard Dog 4. Harley Race 5. Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat 6. Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart 7. Greg "The Hammer" Valentine 8. Barry O 9. Rick Martel 10. The Iron Sheik 11. Cowboy Bob Orton, top, Rowdy Roddy Piper, bottom 12. Howard Finkel.



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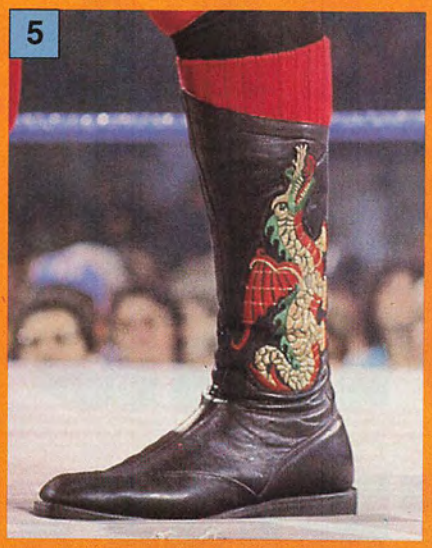

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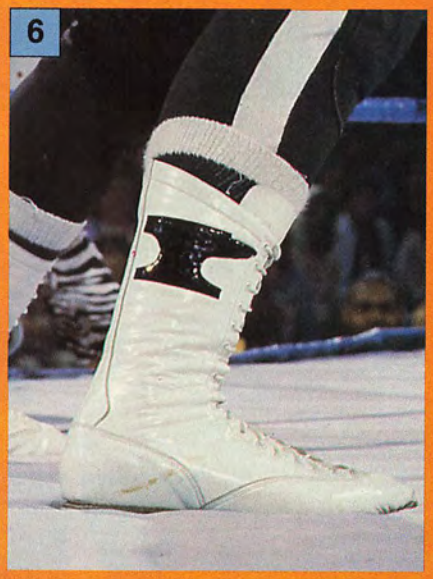

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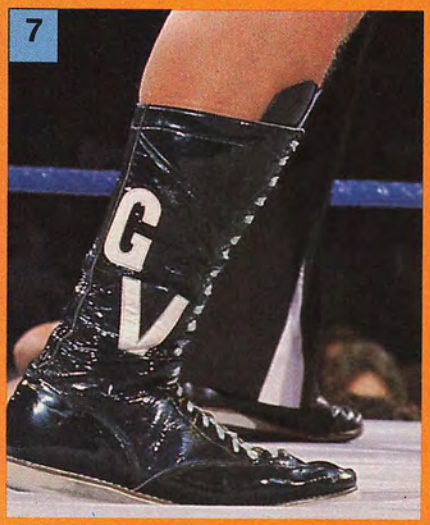

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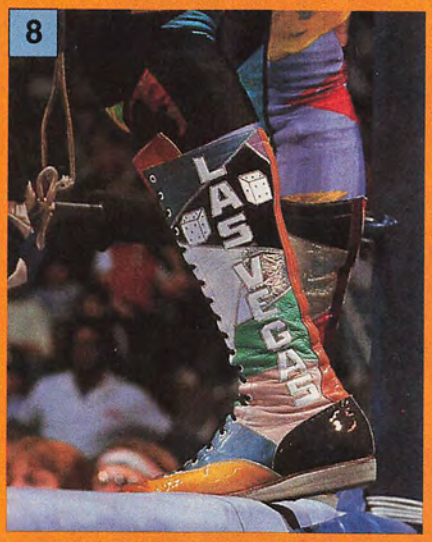

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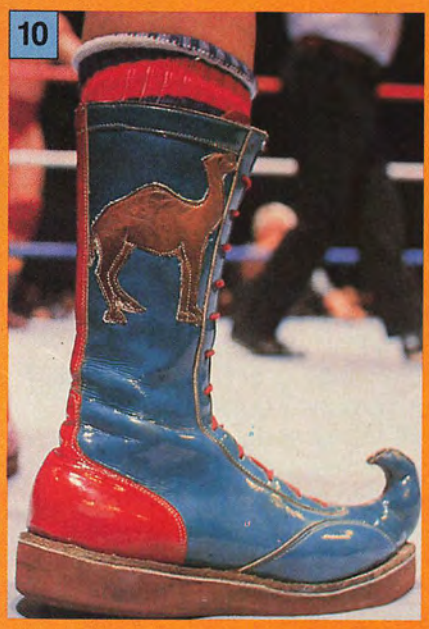

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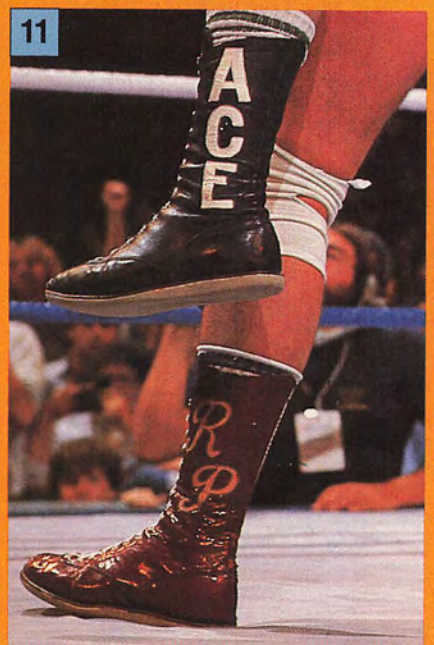

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MARTEL AND ZENK: The Can-Am Connection!

By Keith Elliot Greenberg

Rick Martel and Tom Zenk both had to cross borders to discover the land of opportunity.

Martel, a broad-shouldered native of Quebec City, Canada, established himself as a wrestler in rings around the midwestern United States. Zenk, Martel's well-sculptured partner, left his hometown of Minneapolis, Minnesota, to build a fan following in Montreal.

Each appreciates the qualities of the other's country. "I am very grateful to America because I got my start here," says Martel in the French-Canadian accent that female fans find "adorable." "And Tom, I know, loves Canada. When we decided to pair up as a tag team in the WWF, we wanted to bring the message of Canadian-American teamwork to our audience. That's why we call ourselves the Can-Am Connection."

Says Zenk: "Everyone thinks of America and Canada as being the same—the same people, the same values, the same lifestyles. The only thing separating the countries is a line on the map. You really think of the two as one."

Ditto for the Can-Am Connection. Mat followers and even wrestlers have mistaken the members of the handsome duo for one another. "It's actually gotten to the point that, when someone in a hotel lobby or airport yells, 'Rick,' I turn around," confesses Zenk.

If Martel and Zenk's physical similarities weren't enough, they share matching clothing tastes. Outside the arena, both favor blue jeans, casual shirts and boots. To witness them jogging down the aisle to the ring, their red and white boots crossed with the

Can-Am Connection in action

Canadian and American flags and their ivory trunks highlighting deep tans, is to observe the similarities of the nations they represent.

Once the bell rings, both specialize in the same rapid-fire moves: front scissors, cross body-blocks, dropkicks. This is not mere coincidence. "Even when I was wrestling as a single, I tried to pattern myself after Rick Martel," says Zenk, the younger of the two. "The first time I saw him in the ring, I wanted to be like him. He personifies what a wrestler should be: an athlete and a gentleman."

The team's signature tactic, the Can-Am catapult, has arenas quaking and opponents shaking. Either Martel or Zenk—it doesn't matter; they've spent months in the gym fine-tuning their interchangeability—flattens a foe in the ring, then tags off. The partner stands on the apron gripping the top rope with both hands. The first wrestler pulls the strand toward himself and catapults his friend, chest first, on top of whoever the hapless adversary happens to be.

"The Can-Am catapult is something that is uniquely ours," claims Martel. "It would take another team forever to get the timing down, to master it. Tom and I have a built-in sense of knowing when to use it; if your opponent is not completely worn out, he can move out of the way and you can break a rib. I think the catapult adds another dimension to the world of tag team wrestling."

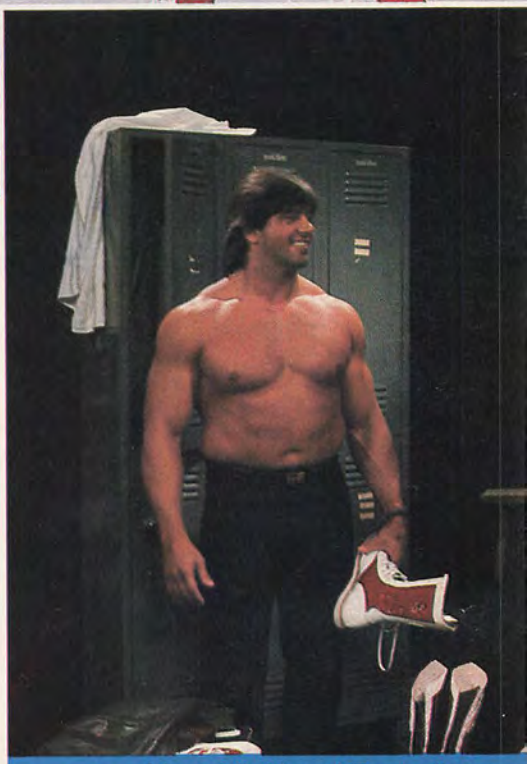
Martel knows that world as well as he knows the words to his country's national anthem, "Oh Canada." He entered the mat wars at the tender age of 17,

Zenk gets fired up

teaming with older brother Michel. He has traveled the globe, pairing with the sport's greats, and on two occasions he has worn a World Wrestling Federation Tag Team Belt.

Before stepping into the squared circle, Zenk gained a following in bodybuilding contests. He was Mr. Minneapolis and Mr. Twin Cities in 1981, and Mr. North Country in 1982. Realizing that muscle alone does not bring success in the ring, he developed a sophisticated repertoire that dazzled early rivals and caught the attention of some veterans.

Remembers Martel, "I was passing through Montreal, and one of my friends told me about a guy—he called him 'Zink'—who looked and wrestled like me. I had a night off and went to the arena to watch. As soon as I saw Tom mix it up, I got a weird feeling. I really felt as if I was watching a videotape of myself; it was a mirror image. You've probably



Martel (left) and Zenk discuss

strategy before match

heard 50 wrestlers tell this same story, but I swear I'm telling the truth. I knew we'd be tag team partners one day."

What he didn't know was how well they'd work together. "I never get my hopes too high when I first team with somebody," Martel says. "I've been partners with guys who were great wrestlers, with styles very much like mine, but then we sadly discovered that something was missing. Sometimes we couldn't coordinate our movements or strategies; other times egos got in the way. The first time I teamed with Tom, I left the ring very excited. I had trouble sleeping that night, to tell you the truth. We perfectly complemented each other. I knew we were going places."

During a televised bout against Barry O and the Gladiator, the Can-Am Connection was flawless —a rarity for a recently formed combination. Zenk and Barry O were the first two in the ring. Barry, a rulebreaker well-schooled in the sport's scientifics, put Zenk in an armbar. Zenk quickly evaluated his predicament, then left his feet, head-scissored Barry and rolled him to the canvas. Martel was tagged and rapidly rattled Barry with a high side kick that elicited a respectful gasp from the crowd. Stunned, Barry scurried to his corner and tagged his partner. After being placed in an armlock, the Gladiator discarded the rulebook, kneeing Martel in the midsection and dragging the former tag team titlist to the corner.

A sneering Barry O wound up his fist, but Martel alertly ducked, and the Gladiator found himself reeling. Taking advantage, Martel bodyslammed the masked villain and tagged Zenk. The Twin Cities sensation attempted a small package, but Barry O was quick to interfere. Without exchanging a word, the Can-Am Connection took to the air, simultaneously dropkicking their opponents on the side of the head. Now the fans were roaring, flashbulbs were popping, and Martel and Zenk sped up their assault. Martel treated the Gladiator to a spine-crusher, then Zenk powerslammed him. As the fans—most of whom had never before seen the Can-Am catapult—shrieked, Martel flew over the top rope, crushing the Gladiator and bringing the Can-Am team a victory.

"We try to throw the unexpected at our opponents," Martel says, referring to the bout. "That way they can't figure out our strategy and mount a defense." He realizes that the same outlook is characteristic of another WWF team: the Hart Foundation. "I don't care how much the fans boo them, you have to respect the abilities of Bret Hart and Jim Neidhart. They've been together a long time and are aggresive, fast and technically sound. Their 'Hart attack' is devastating. But Tom and I are capable of surprising them, of knocking out their cockiness."

Another challenge the "Connection" seeks is the Dream Team, Greg "The Hammer" Valentine and Brutus Beefcake. "Out of the two, Greg is more of a wrestler," Zenk says. "He can fight, but he ties you up in knots on the mat. I'd plan an aerial offense against him. Beefcake is very strong and a brawler. But Rick's been in a lot of torrid battles, and he's taught me a couple of things you might not expect a 'nice boy' to do."

Rather than becoming embroiled in a feud, Martel and Zenk are taking their matches one at a time. "We're prepared for anything," Martel says, "but we're testing the water, learning about the strengths and weaknesses of the competition."

As they compete, the Can-Am Connection should advance in the ratings. "I don't like to think too far ahead," states Zenk, "but we're going to the top." His voice loses its even tone, and his poster-boy face breaks into a smile. "The only obstacle is time." WF

THE WIZARD'S

JUNGLE HORRORS

Sika at his beastly best

The Wizard resembles a sinister Buddha when his lips broaden into a smile and he points at the ugly pink valleys gouged into his forehead. "Across my brow," he boasts, "are written the sins of mankind."

Then he laughs. A long ear-splitting laugh that seems to reach beyond heaven and hell. His eyes water and his large stomach trembles. Slowly the roar decreases, and his grin shortens to a scowl. The most bizarre manager in the World Wrestling Federation clears his throat twice before the evil laugh starts up again.

Western minds cannot comprehend the Wizard's power. His charges, Sika the Savage Samoan and Kamala the Ugandan Headhunter, are arguably the two most difficult men to control in wrestling. Bobby "The Brain" Heenan's near-

SIKA AND KAMALA STALK THE RING

"It's over, Kamala."

faultless strategies and Slick's promises of riches could not impress them. Their values are not material, not practical, but rooted in bestial rage. And the Wizard is completely in tune with the strange elements which move them. Or, as he puts it, "I'm from the dark side."

According to his birth certificate, the Wizard is actually from Hawaii, the son of an English mother and Chinese father. Being exposed to eastern and western influences, he grew up with the broad world view that allows him to talk business with Fortune 500 executives and threaten his protégés with evil spells. His parents worried over his emphasis on the most diabolical aspects of each culture. He pored over books about black magic and was rumored to study oriental mysticism. Occasionally, he'd sneak into the hills and, hid-

"Sic 'em, Sika."

den in the tall grass, watch the natives engage in rituals never seen by any *haole*—or white man. In time he developed a belief system uniquely his own, a system that would bring him success and instill fear in those who crossed him.

Perhaps his most peculiar belief is that he is the reincarnation of the late Grand Wizard of wrestling, generally considered the most brilliant manager in WWF history. The slight, manic Grand Wizard shared the present Wizard's zest for flowery language and handling wrestlers considered unmanageable. When one witnesses the Wizard commanding Kamala—the shiny-domed, war-painted headhunter, terrifying in his silence—and Sika—the barbarous, fire-eyed predator—it is easy to remember the Grand Wizard's career of misdeeds. But could those misdeeds have transcended his lifetime?

The Wizard claims that the Grand Wizard, speaking through him, sent a message to track down "the ultimate prey, the great blond Bengal tiger, Hulk Hogan." The manager was allegedly guided to the Samoan island of Tutuila. Says the Wizard: "I put my ear to the ground. I heard rumblings that something great was nearby. And the birds told me that the mighty Sika had arrived. I sent for him, and he met me with all members of the animal world. The animals obey him because he is the king of the jungles of Samoa."

The Samoan, who never before gave an inch to anyone, is under the Wizard's complete bewitchment.

From there, the tale continues, the duo traveled to Singapore, where the Wizard became unnerved seeing children in *Hulkamania* T-shirts. "It's a bad influence and just makes me sick to my stomach. *Hulkamania* is a global nightmare. There is no corner of the world safe from it. I have to snuff it out before it infects even my cousins in the most remote parts of China."

As the Wizard contemplated neutralizing the "plague," he was heartened by the sight of Sika, sitting in the forest, his raven cords of hair hanging in front of his eyes, his chest heaving, his face smeared with gook as he glared about for an adversary to conquer. "He was the ultimate brute," said the Wizard, "a potent weapon."

Still, he felt that more help was needed and booked a flight to East Africa. "The great blond Bengal Hogan is a difficult creature. It will be a great task to conguer him. Sika and I went to Uganda, west of Kilimanjaro, to find the world's greatest headhunter, Kamala. Deep into the jungles we traveled, with Sika tearing apart all creatures with the foolishness to come upon us. There, in a sunny clearing of trees with a sharp spear in his hand, stood Kamala, hunting who knows what."

Within days, Kamala was stalking the game of the WWF. Led to the ring by the Wizard and Kimchee, the masked missionaries' son who can communicate with the Ugandan Giant in his native tongue, Kamala climbed through the ropes to brutalize Mario Mancini on national TV. Seconds after Mancini removed his purple entrance jacket, his air was cut off

Kimchee (left) is the son of missionaries who speaks the Ugandan's language and helps control him

by Kamala's thick hands around his neck. His eyes rolling like bowling balls, Kamala tossed his foe back onto the mat, then dropped his fist on the youngster's throat. Mancini did not even have time to gasp, as his vicious opponent was soon grabbing his hair and banging the back of his head against the canvas. The wildman slapped his stomach, a tradition of Ugandan tribesmen closing in for the kill. Mancini's limp body was lifted, whipped into the ropes and chopped to the mat by Kamala's hamlike hand. The primeval brute took to the air, bringing his 420 pounds down hard on his victim's chest. Even after the three-count was completed, Kamala remained covering his opponent. The Wizard finally conveyed to him that it was all right to leave the ring—the match was over.

Longtime mat observers were even more astounded by a contest the jungle man had with Leaping Lanny Poffo on NBC's *Saturday Night's Main Event.* At one point, Poffo briefly startled Kamala with a series of gymnastic flips. Before trashing his foe, Kamala attempted to mimic him, gyrating and shaking his head. The Wizard's influence was evident. Kamala, formerly oblivious to all around him, had taken the time to *study* an opponent. The manager, the experts concluded, had given his protégé a new awareness.

A similar situation occurred before a bout between Sika and Rick Hunter. The 300-pound Sika almost acted like a gentleman as he held the ropes open for his manager. There is no question that the Samoan, who never before gave an inch to anyone, is under the Wizard's complete bewitchment.

In the match, Hunter tried to immediately weaken Sika with a series of blows. One can only imagine the terror Hunter felt when Sika simply glared at the fist that struck him between the eyes. The Wizard chuckled at ringside, as Sika took Hunter to the mat—by the neck! Turning the underdog on his stomach, Sika stuck his dirty fingers into Hunter's mouth and tried ripping it. A smashing headbutt later, Sika draped Hunter over his shoulders and fell back to the canvas. The dreaded Samoan drop brought the terrible team a victory.

The Wizard—master of the bizarre

In and out of the ring, the Wizard says he regulates his wrestlers' actions with the tiger tooth he wears around his neck. "In it is a secret mixture of herbs and the magic cookie prepared by the Grand Wizard himself." The blend is especially helpful when the squad is parading through airports. "They have a very high energy level and are not safe around women—unless I control them with the power of the tooth. Without it, there'd be a disaster every time they were out in public."

What are the goals of the Wizard's stable? Sika and Kamala seem indifferent about winning major titles; whether they understand professional wrestling's rating format is doubtful. The Wizard says his plans are "too complex for a man of this world to understand." He rubs his scarred brow and rhapsodizes about the many battles ahead for his team. With each battle, he promises, will come new sins for mankind. WF

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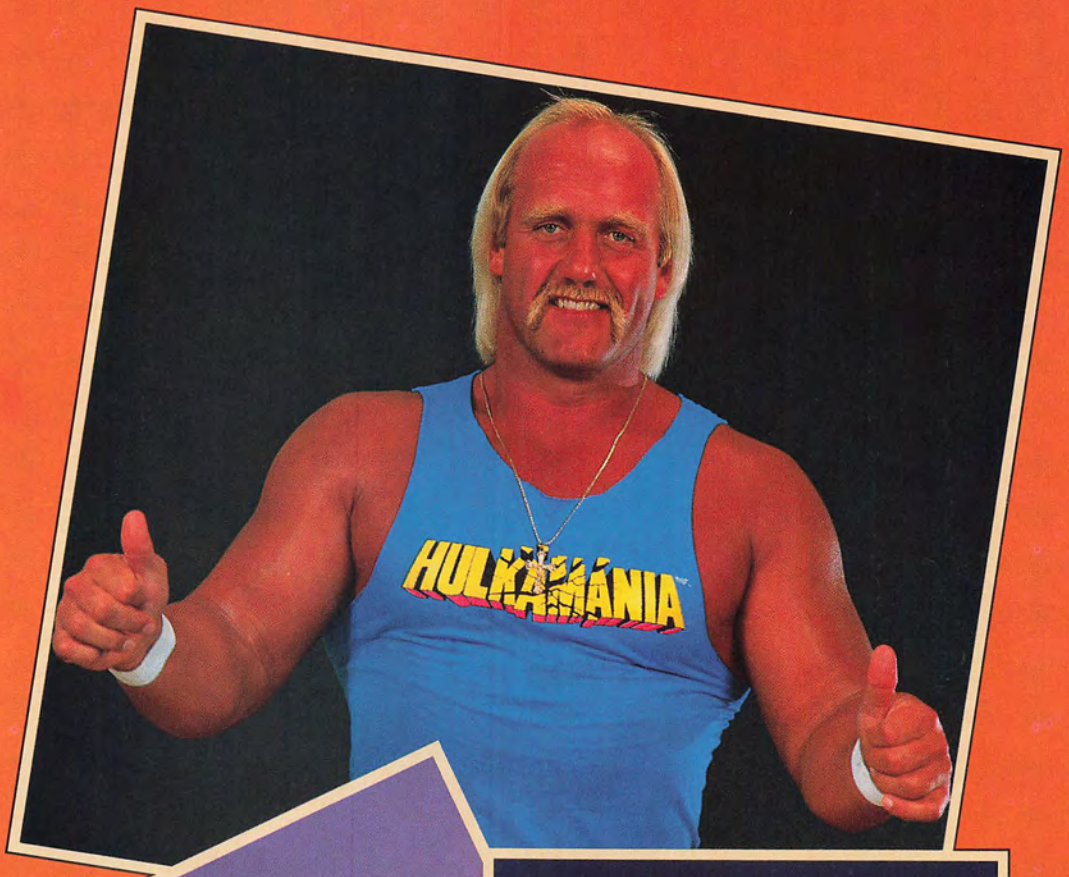

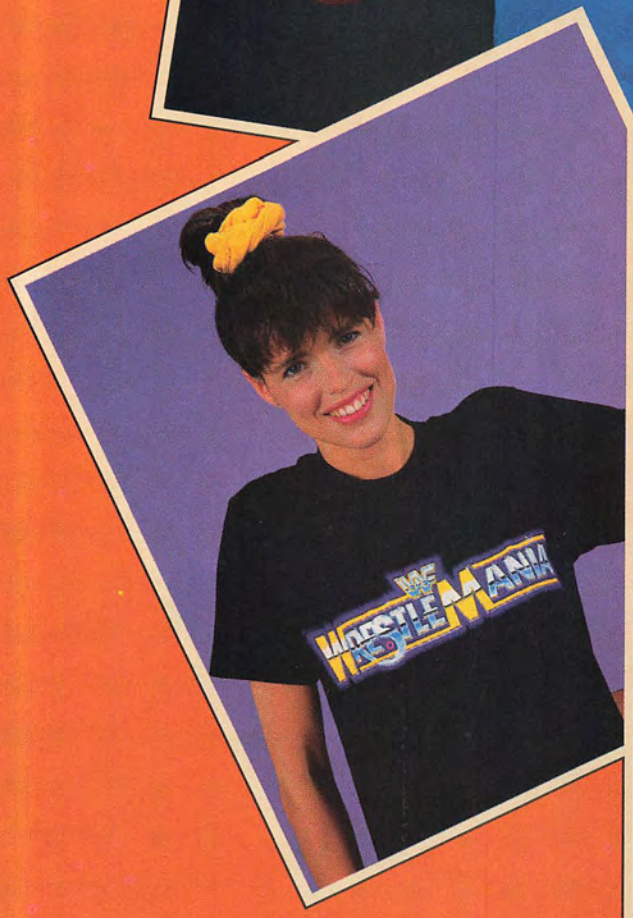

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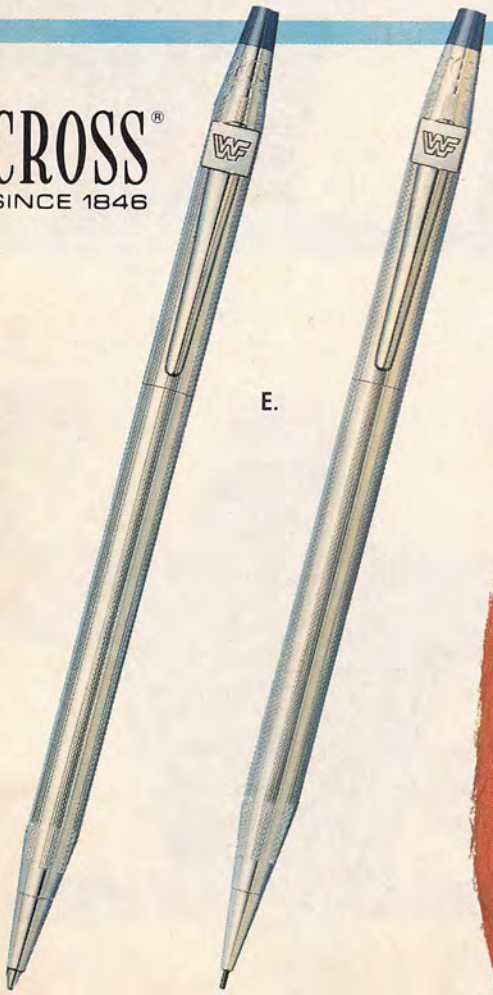

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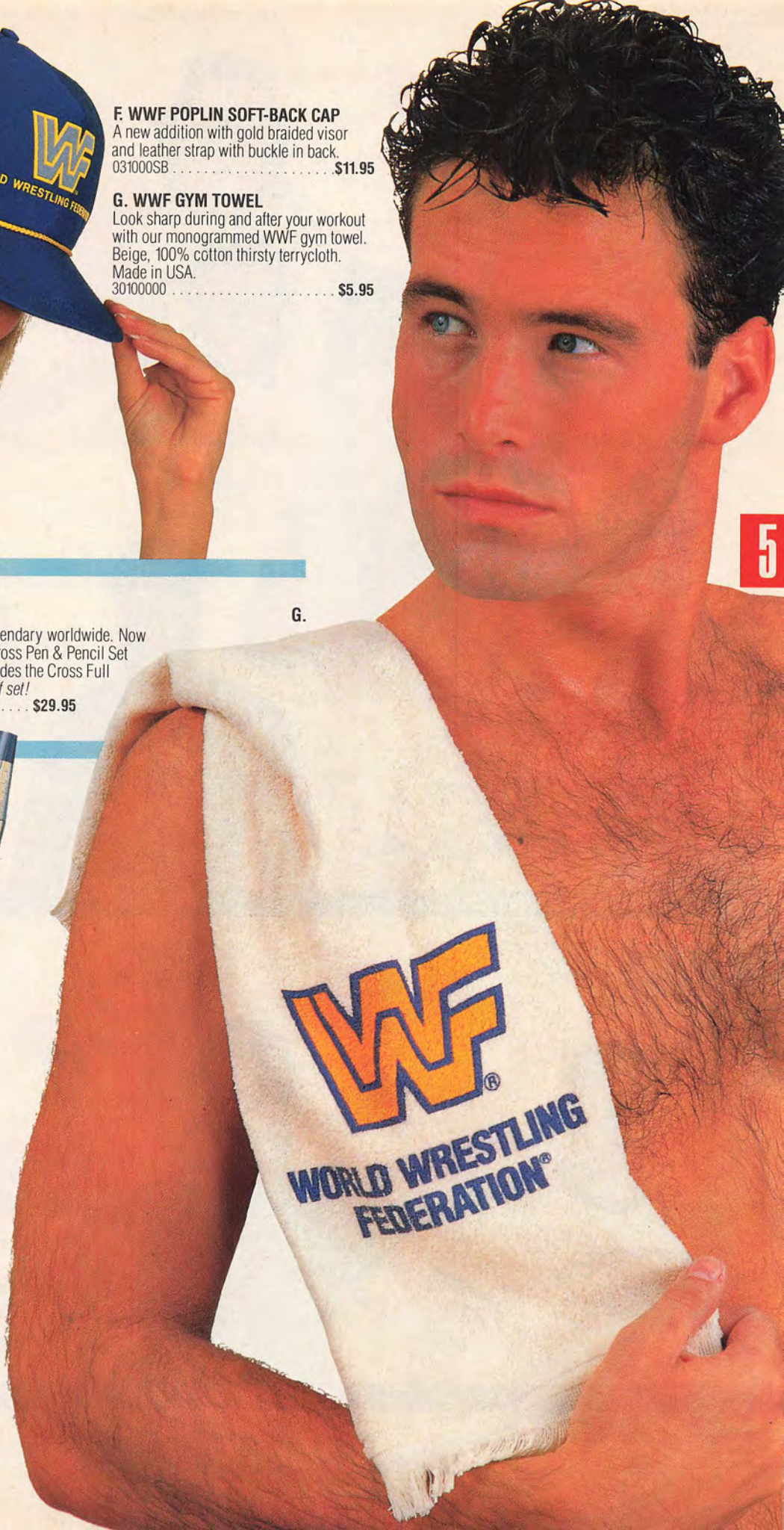

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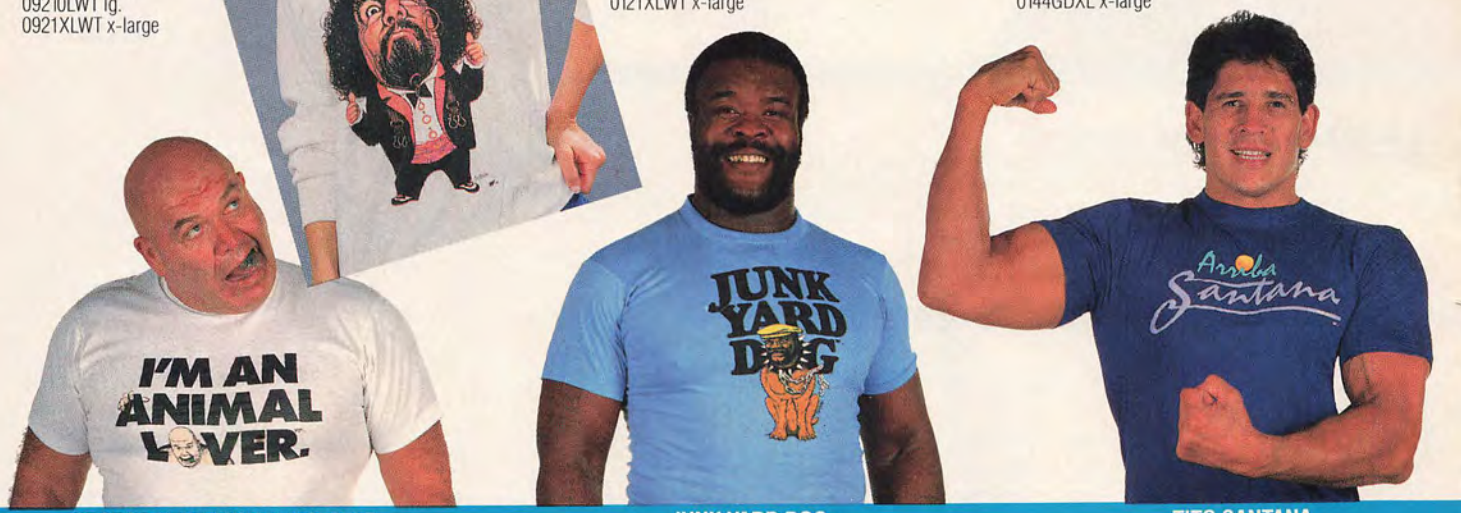

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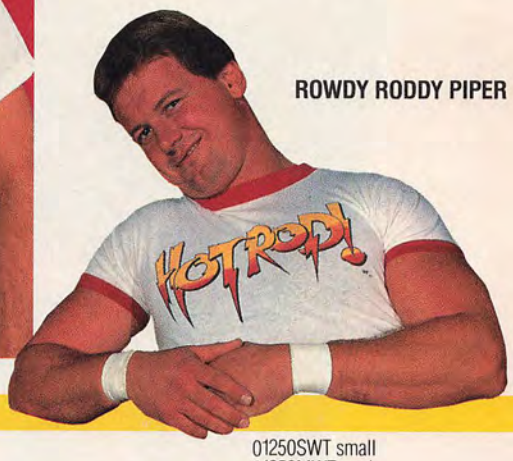

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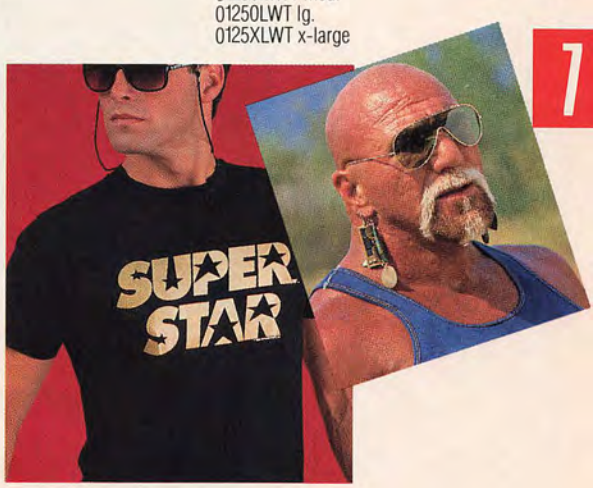

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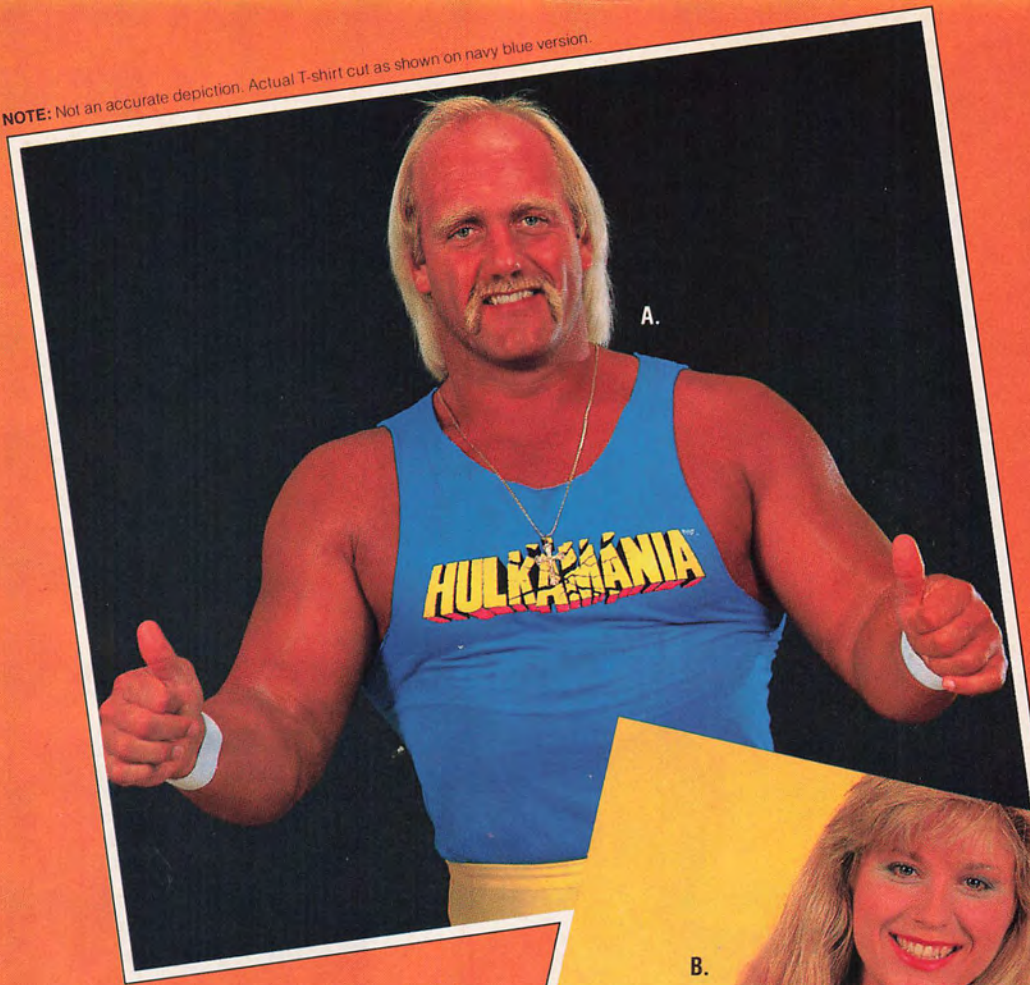

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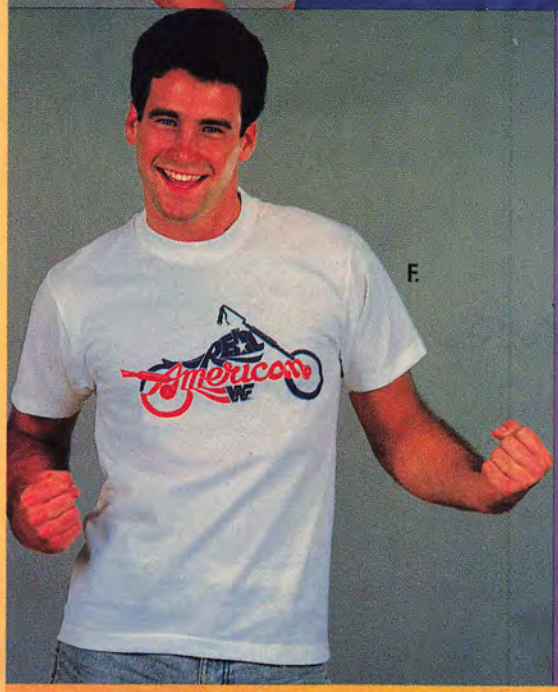

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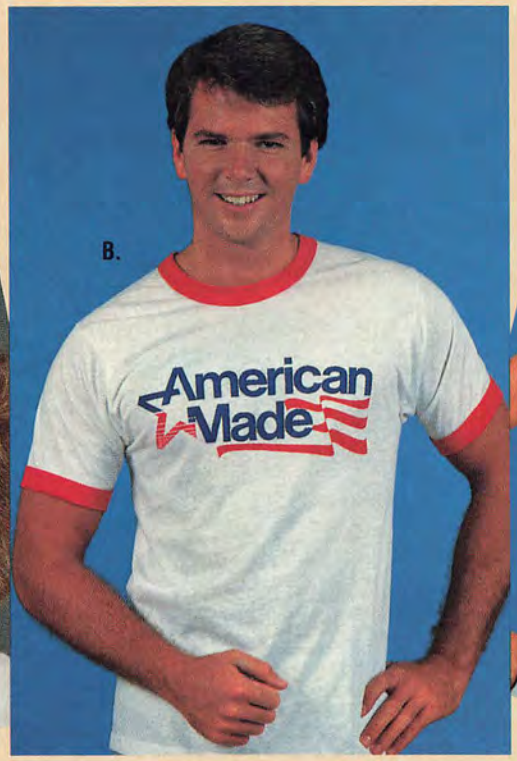

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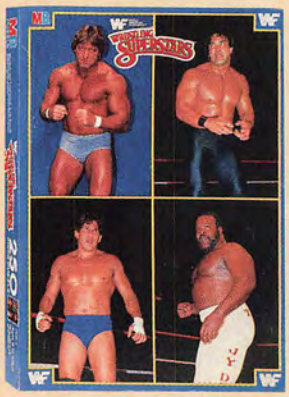

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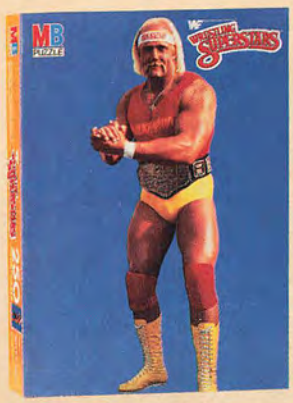

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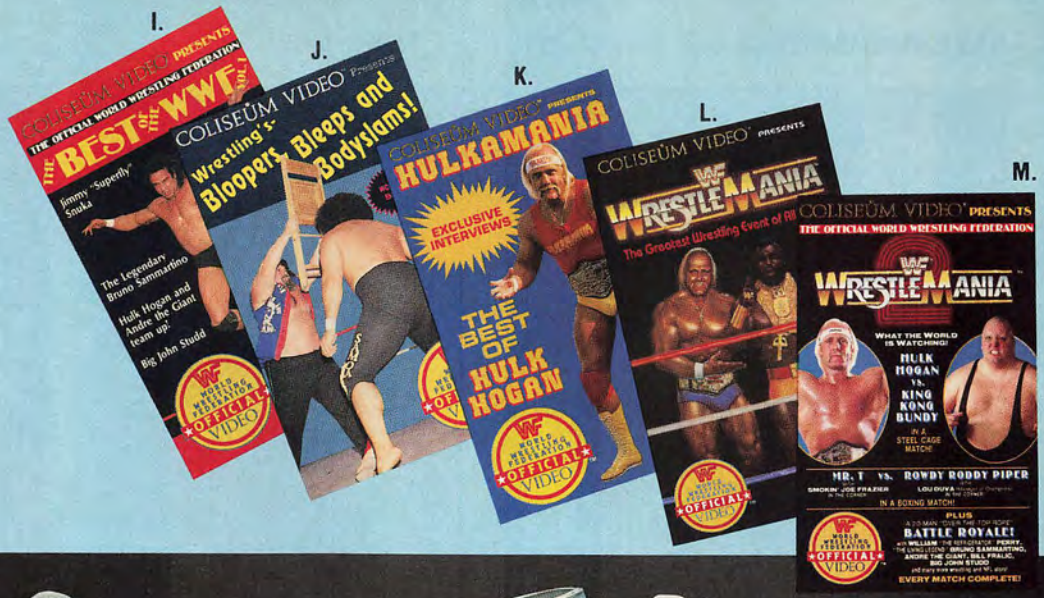

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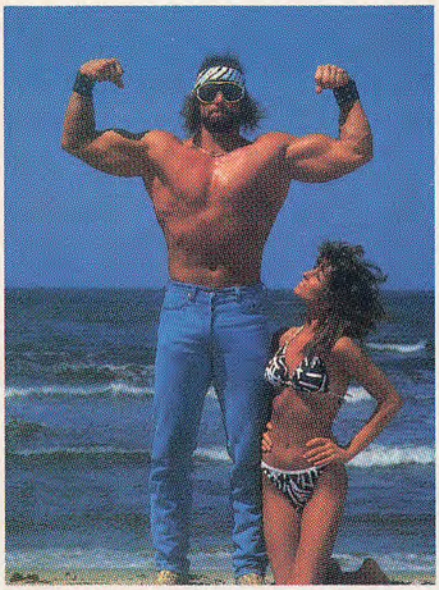

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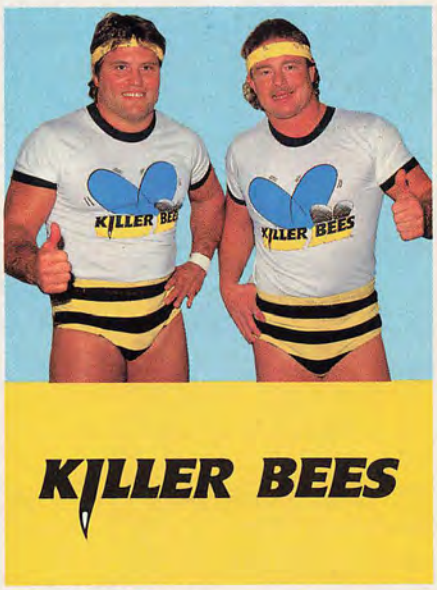

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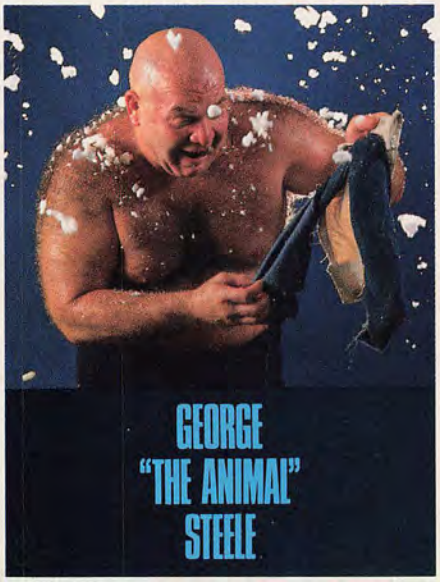

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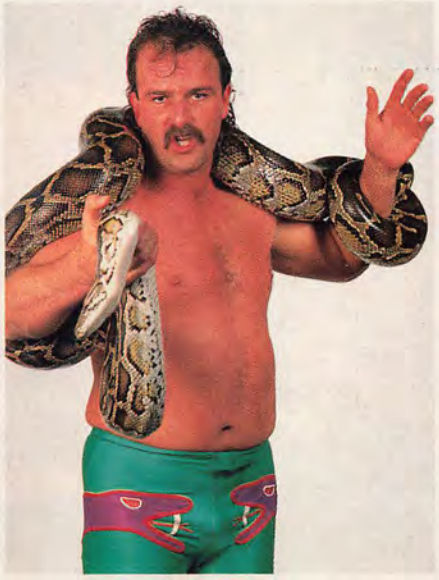

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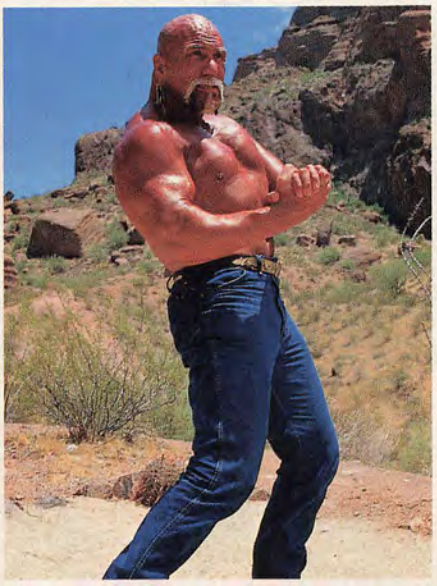

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	"	06100LBL	lg.	"	
	"	0610XLBL	x-lg.	"	
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	"	18100WXL	x-lg.	"	
	WWF Jacket	18100SBL	small	$24.95	
	"	18100MBL	med.	"	
	"	18100LBL	lg.	"	
	"	1810XLBL	x-lg.	"	
	WWF Sweatshirt	09100SWT	small	$16.95	
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	"	09100LWT	lg.	"	
	"	0910XLWT	x-lg.	"	
	WWF T-Shirt	01100SWT	small	$11.95	
	"	01100MWT	med.	"	
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	WWF Terrycloth Wristband	131000WT		$ 4.95	
	WWF All-Purpose Sports Bag	17100000		$12.95	
	WWF Tote Bag	171000LW		$11.95	
	WWF Baseball Cap	031000BL		$ 9.95	
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	WWF Poplin Soft-Back Cap	031000SB		$11.95	
	WWF Gym Towel	30100000		$ 5.95	
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	Captain Lou Albano T-Shirt	01210SWT	small	$11.95	
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	George Steele T-Shirt	011400WS	small	$11.95	
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	"	011400WL	lg.	"	
	"	01140WXL	x-lg.	"	
	Junk Yard Dog T-Shirt	01310SLB	small	$11.95	
	"	01310MLB	med.	"	
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	"	0131XLLB	x-lg.	"	
	Tito Santana T-Shirt	01130SPR	small	$11.95	
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	"	01130LPR	lg.	"	
	"	0113XLPR	x-lg.	"	
	Magnificent Muraco T-Shirt	01030SWT	small	$11.95	
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	"	01030LWT	lg.	"	
	"	0103XLWT	x-lg.	"	
	Jake The Snake T-Shirt	0179000S	small	$11.95	
	"	0179000M	med.	"	
	"	0179000L	lg.	"	
	"	017900XL	x-lg.	"	
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	Ricky Steamboat Headband	124400BK		$ 4.00	
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	"	0184000M	med.	"	
	"	0184000L	lg.	"	
	"	018400XL	x-lg.	"	
	The Machines T-Shirt	010800WS	small	$11.95	
	"	010800WM	med.	"	
	"	010800WL	lg.	"	
	"	01080WXL	x-lg.	"	
	Roddy Piper T-Shirt	02150SWT	small	$11.95	
	"	02150MWT	med.	"	
	"	02150LWT	lg.	"	
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	The British Bulldogs T-Shirt	01530WRS	small	$11.95	
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	"	0185BKXL	x-lg.	"	
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	"	0183000L	lg.	"	
	"	018300XL	x-lg.	"	
	The Killer Bees T-Shirt	0163000S	small	$11.95	
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	"	0163000L	lg.	"	
	"	016300XL	x-lg.	"	
	Hulkamania T-Shirt (turquoise)	01050STQ	small	$11.95	
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	"	01050LTQ	lg.	"	
	"	0105XLTQ	x-lg.	"	
	Hulkamania T-Shirt (navy)	01050SPL	small	$11.95	
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	"	01050LPL	lg.	"	
	"	0105XLPL	x-lg.	"	
	Hulkamania Sweatshirt	090500WS	small	$16.95	
	"	090500WM	med.	"	
	"	090500WL	lg.	"	
	"	09050WXL	x-lg.	"	
	Hulkasized T-Shirt (cobalt blue)	01050LBS	small	$11.95	
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	"	01050LBL	lg.	"	
	"	0105LBXL	x-lg.	"	
	Hulkasized T-Shirt (navy)	01050NOS	small	$11.95	
	"	01050NOM	med.	"	
	"	01050NOL	lg.	"	
	"	0105NOXL	x-lg.	"	
	Real American T-Shirt	010500WS	small	$11.95	
	"	010500WM	med.	"	
			SUBTOTAL B	**$**	

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	Real American T-Shirt	010500WL lg.	"	
	"	01050WXL x-lg.	"	
	Wrestlemania T-Shirt	01420SBK small	$11.95	
	"	01420MBK med.	"	
	"	01420LBK lg.	"	
	"	0142XLBK x-lg.	"	
	Hulkasized Baseball Cap	030500YL	$ 7.95	
	Hulkasized Headband (navy band)	120500NB	$ 3.95	
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	American Made Visor	14350000	$ 9.95	
	American Made T-Shirt	01350SWT small	$11.95	
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	American Made Cap-Sleeve Shirt	01350SNS small	$11.95	
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	Hulk Hogan Puzzle (studio)	28050100	$ 5.95	
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	Wrestlemania Video Cassette	24420000	$59.95	
	Wrestlemania II Video Cassette	24420200	$59.95	
	Hulk Hogan 8 oz. Glass	23050800	$ 1.95	
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	Good Guys 16 oz. Glass	23051600	$ 4.95	
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	WWF Beverage Wrap	23011000	$ 3.95	
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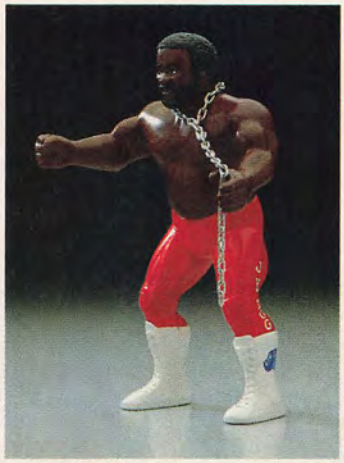

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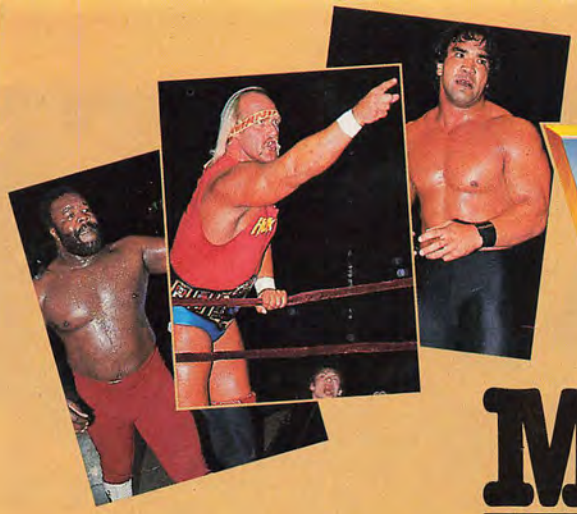

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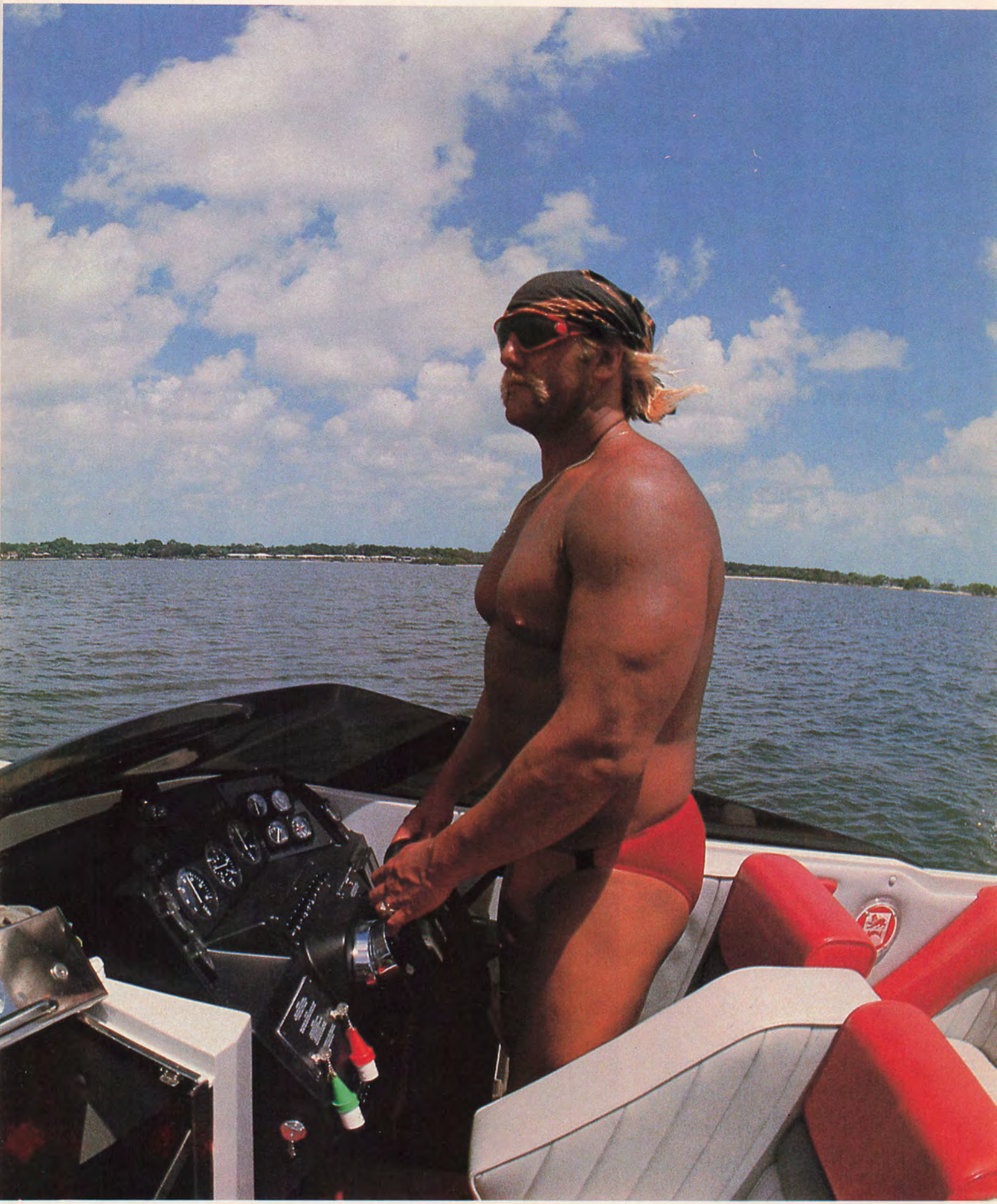
HULK AT HIGH SPEED

IN OR OUT OF THE RING, THE CHAMP LIVES AT A FAST PACE

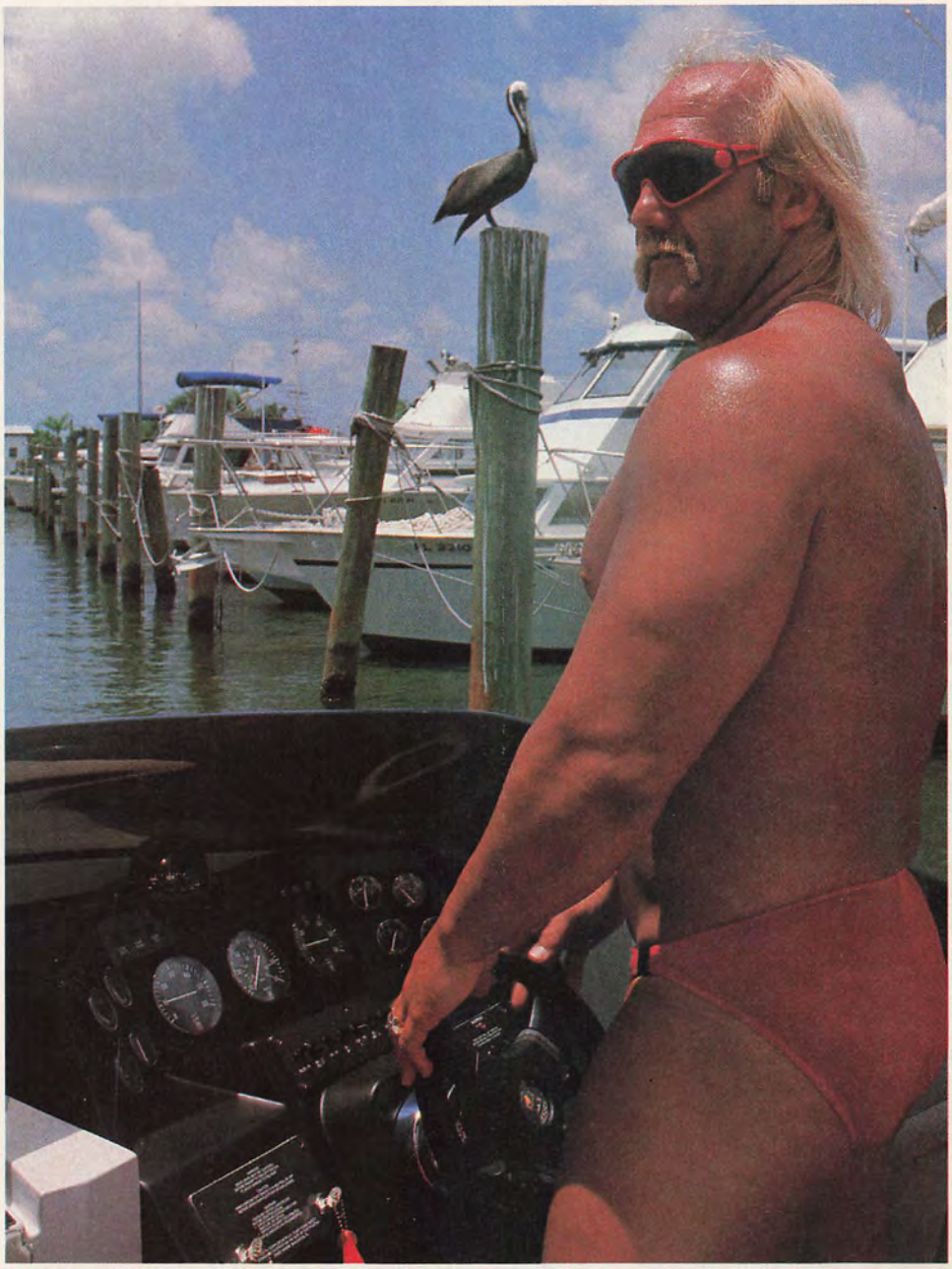
One of the trademarks of World Wrestling Federation Champion Hulk Hogan is his revved-up intensity in the ring. Fired up and feisty, he thrives on challenge and fast-paced action. But what about those times—few and far between—when his busy schedule allows the Hulkster to take a day or two off for some recreation? How does the Hulkster recharge his batteries?

WWF Magazine wanted to know, so a couple of months ago we asked Hogan if a photographer could go along to see him at leisure. What we found out, as the accompanying photographs show, is that Hulk gets as fired up over fun as he does over taking on challengers in the ring.

Speed and power turn on the Hulkster. Big, bad bikes; sleek, fast cars; and speedboats that knife through the sea. Hulk is a mover and a doer. Whatever he does and wherever he does it, the Hulkster goes for the gusto. WF

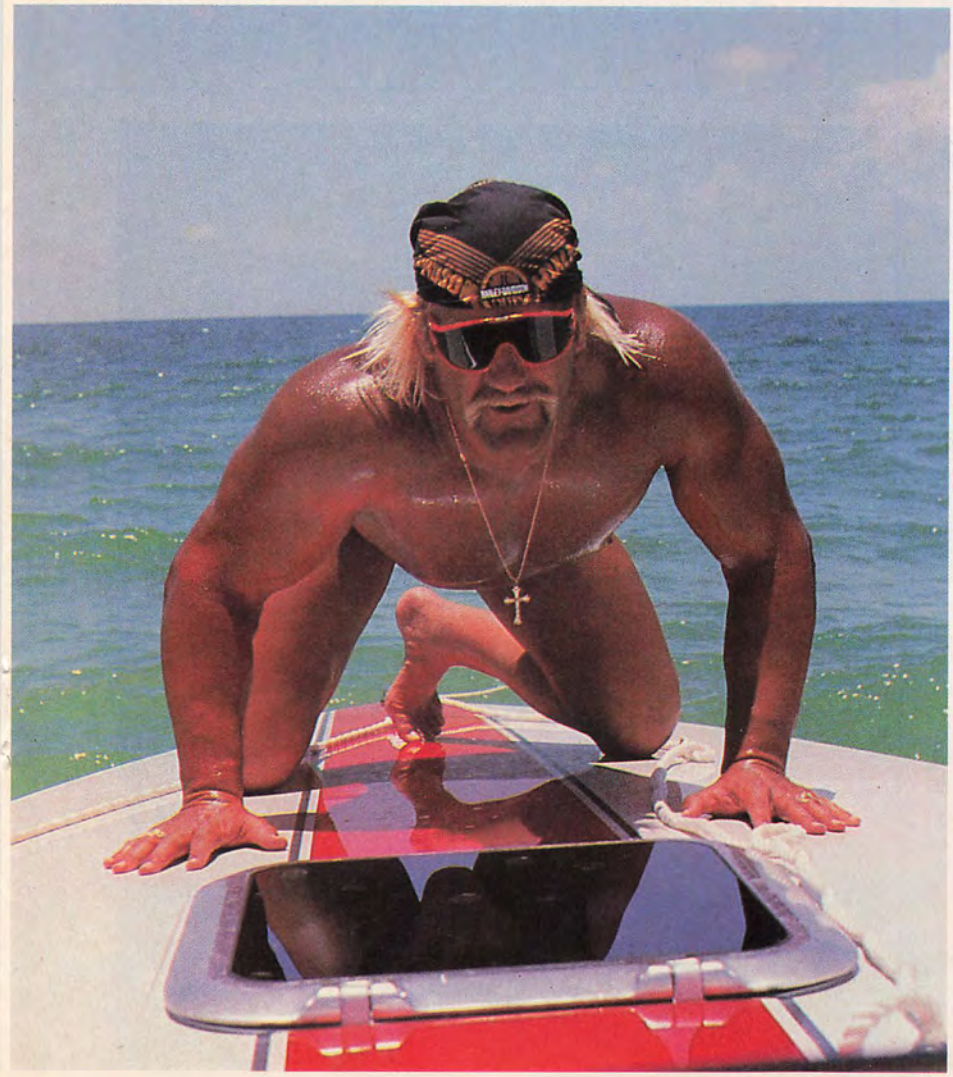


▲ Ready for a day whipping across the water, Hulk launches his sleek speedboat.



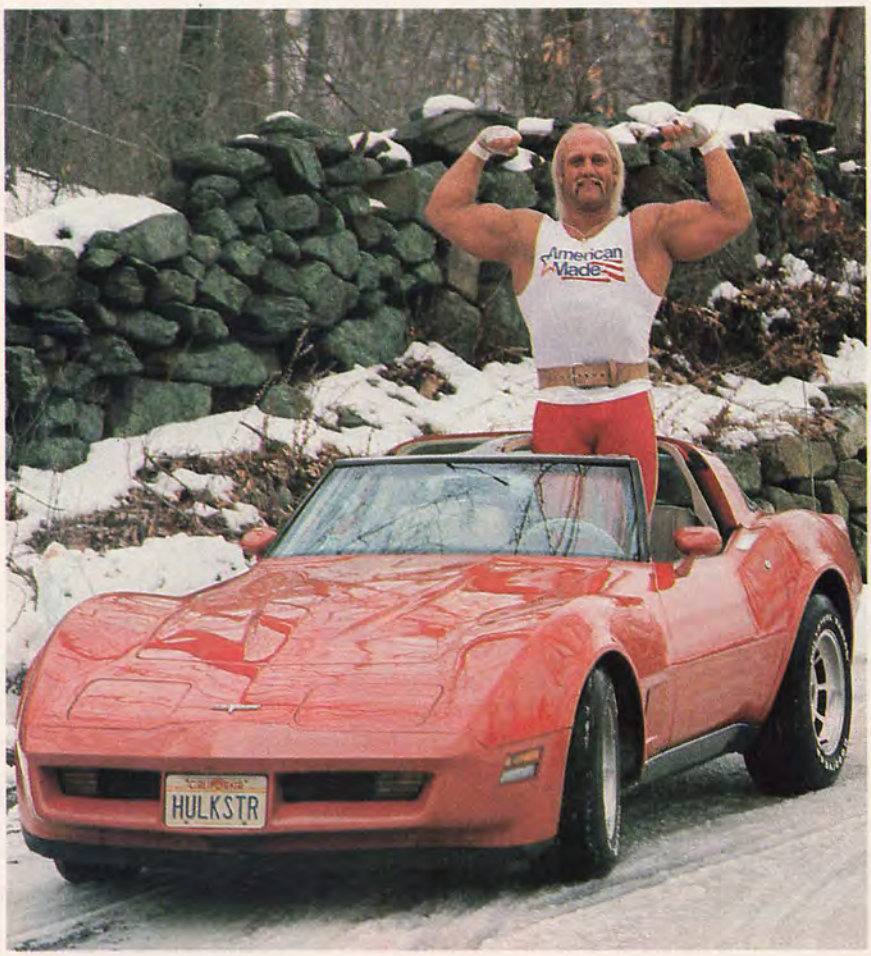
► Under the unblinking gaze of a perching pelican, the Champ heads out to sea.

▲ Big boat, big muscles. The Hulkster strikes a pose while on the briny.



◀ All hands on deck. Stopping his cruise for a moment, Hogan decides it's time for a few pushups. "You can never get enough exercise," says the Champ.

▲ Another time, another place, but the Hulkster is still on the move.



► Baby, it's cold outside, but Hulk Hogan keeps warm with an engine that's hot. WF

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SUPERSTAR'S TOUGHEST FIGHT?

Billy Graham Conquers A Damaged Hip

Superstar Billy Graham, that desert-bred bull of a man, has fought some awesome opponents in his wrestling career. Even against the greatest odds, however, his unquenchable spirit and mighty body have enabled him to triumph. Now, Graham is fighting what may be the most challenging battle of his career — not against a wrestling opponent but against an injury that could put an ordinary man in a wheelchair. And again, his indomitable will and Herculean strength are lifting the Superstar to victory.

Graham has undergone surgery to replace portions of his left hip joint with metal and plastic. The hip joint is like a ball-and-socket arrangement. The "ball" is the round head of the thigh bone — and the socket is a cup-shaped bowl in the hip. The leg cannot operate properly unless the joint works smoothly.

If the hip joint is injured, not only does crippling pain develop, but the victim could be unable to walk properly. Late last year physicians discovered that Graham's hip joint had suffered such damage.

Doctors said there was no way to know when it happened but, somewhere during his career of bruising, punishing ring combats, the hip had suffered injury, perhaps more than once. All the while, Graham had continued to give his all in the ring, his incredible stamina and vigor overcoming the pain that now obviously was his constant companion. He never complained, never gave any indication that he was hurting. Nor did it affect his slashing, battering moves in the ring. How Graham did it is hard to imagine, although he is one of the indomitable forces in wrestling.

As a result of the damage, according to the physician who operated on Graham, the blood supply to the bone was decreased and the joint began to break down. Thus, it was necessary to correct the damage and install an artificial replacement so that the bone will become healthy once more.

The surgery on Graham was performed by Dr. Lawrence Dorr of the Kerlan-Jobe Orthopedic Clinic in Los Angeles. The clinic is used by virtually all Los Angeles area professional sports teams, and Graham's physician has treated many top athletes, including several NFL stars.

Dr. Dorr repaired the Superstar's hip socket and implanted a new ball made of the space-age metal, titanium. "It was the biggest size made," says Dorr of the device. "But, then, he's a very big man."

Graham's operation was delayed for a week, in fact, because when he arrived at the hospital, none of the balls in stock were big enough for him.

The physician said Graham's superbly conditioned body and huge strength are great assets as far as his rehabilitation is concerned. So is his powerful will.

Graham is bent on recuperating quickly and completely. When he talks about it, his eyes blaze as if he were answering the opening bell.

Graham's prognosis is that he will be fit as a fiddle in the near future. He has approached his rehabilitation program like a tough match in the squared circle. He is intense about it and determined to overcome his injury. So far, his recovery has been amazing.

Even so, most athletes who have undergone the procedure Graham experienced call it quits and head for the pasture. Not Graham. "I'm the Superstar," he says. "The Superstar belongs in the ring. What bothers ordinary men doesn't bother me. The doc has done his work, and now it's time for me to do mine between the ropes." WF

► Graham, before operation, vows he'll be back in his wrestling boots in no time. "Nothing puts me down," said the Superstar.

◄ Physicians at Centinela Hospital Medical Center in Inglewood, California, examine X-rays of Graham's knee before operation. The damaged hip was extremely painful, but Graham had been wrestling with it without complaint. (inset) Dr. Dorr.

▼ A rare sight — Superstar Billy Graham unconscious. The physician who administered the anesthetic to Graham can claim an extraordinary distinction. He put Superstar down.

► After surgery, Graham is as high-spirited as ever. Still in recovery, he is already planning his ring comeback. His "thumbs up" gesture shows his optimism.

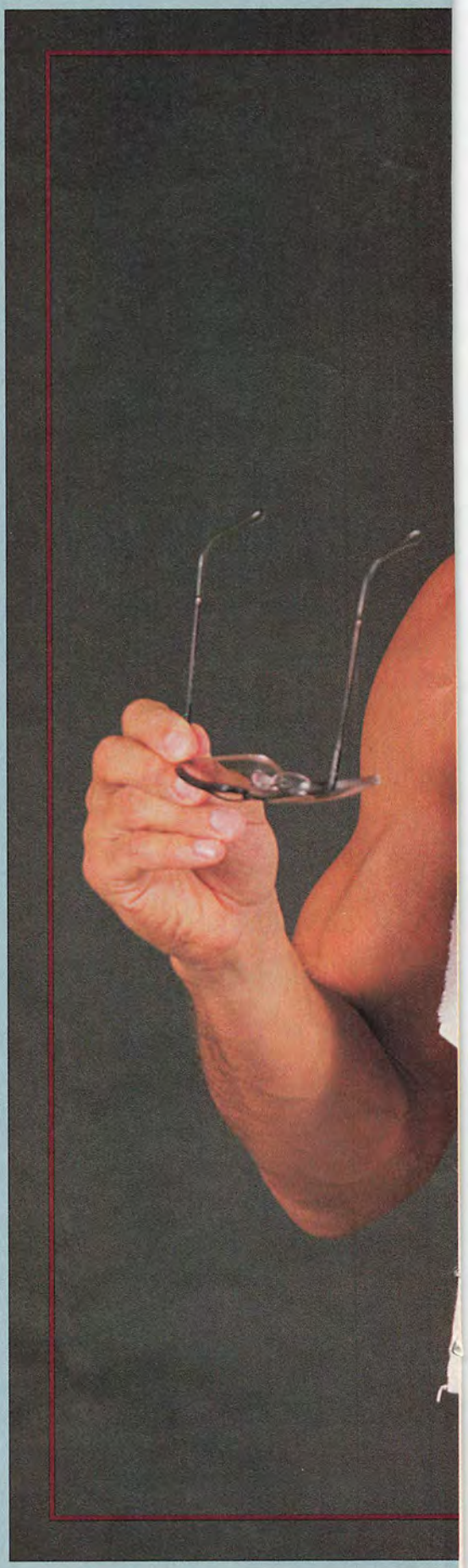
◄ Graham undergoing therapy. Physicians said his remarkable body and condition will speed his recovery.

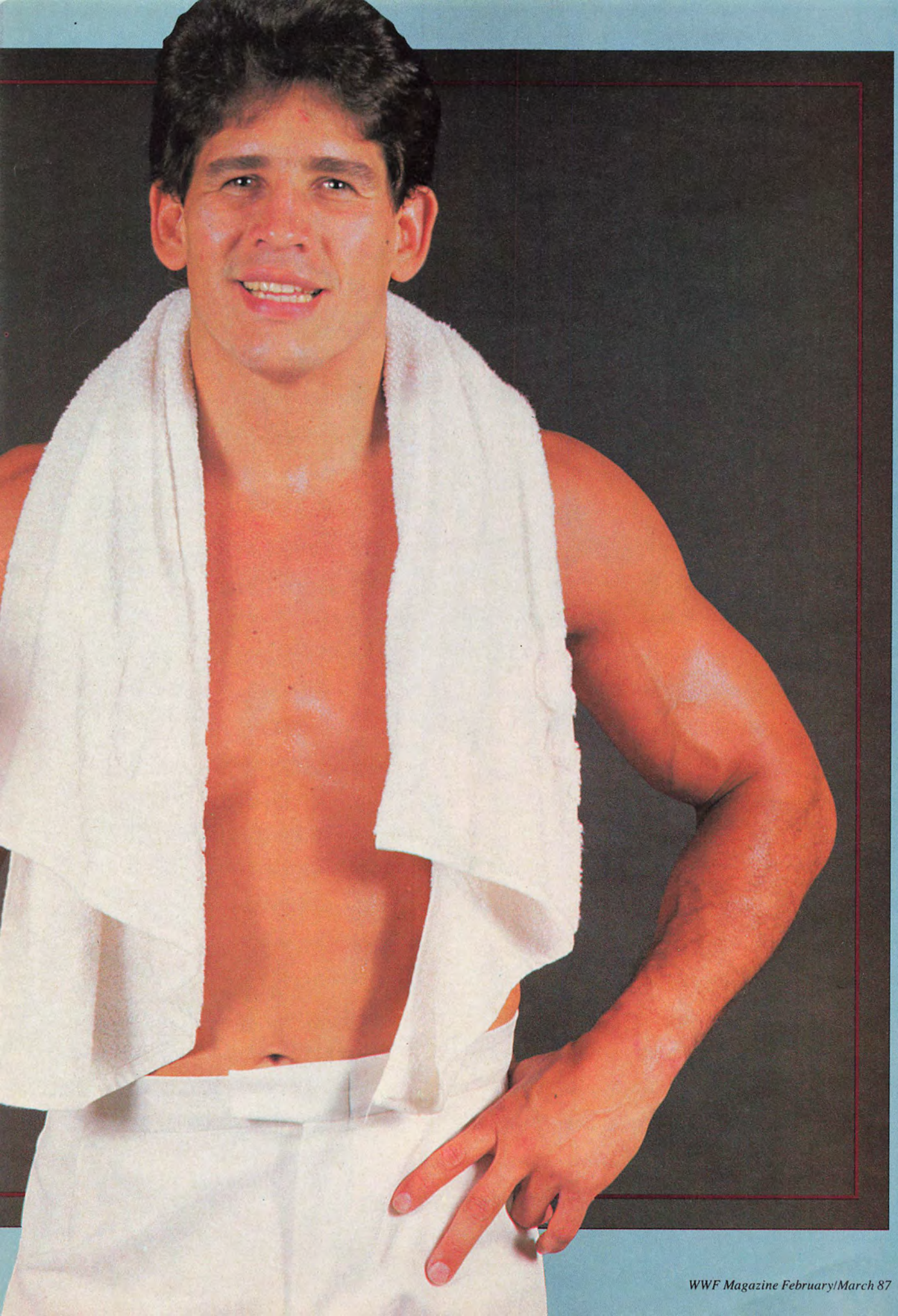
A Talk With: TITO SANTANA

by
Carol Buffin

Tito Santana has been a two-time WWF Intercontinental Champion and a former tag team titlist. A superb athlete and beloved by fans, Santana talks to WWF Magazine *about his athletic history, his life and his outlook on professional wrestling.*

WWF: When did wrestling first become a part of your life?
Santana: Oh, I would say when I was a sophomore at West Texas State University in 1973. There were a lot of amateur wrestlers there, and I started working out with some of them. We all played varsity football and graduated about the same year. They got me interested in wrestling.
WWF: Why is it that you don't have a manager, and have you ever considered having one?
Santana: I think I'm smart enough to handle my own deals and, no, I've never considered having a manager. If I had one, he would get a percentage of the money I work hard to earn. I'm not a lazy person; I can take care of my own business.
WWF: Randy Savage took the Intercontinental Title from you. What do you think of him as a champion?
Santana: I don't respect him. He cheats and cuts corners. In my opinion, instead of showing the people what he can really do in the ring, Savage runs a lot. If he's as good a wrestler as he tells everybody, he shouldn't have to run from his opponents. And then there's the underhanded way he beat me for the belt. The referee didn't see what happened. Savage pulled a foreign object out of his trunks, knocked me out and left me needing 14 stitches. I don't have any respect for someone who has to resort to those tactics to win.
WWF: What would you be doing now if you hadn't discovered wrestling?
Santana: I probably would've continued playing professional football, except I wanted the challenge of wrestling. I might have been a coach, too. I have a Bachelor of Arts degree in physi-





cal education. I feel that sports and coaches helped me to go the right way in life. So I'd like to help kids. I come from a low-income family, and I was lucky that sports helped me get an education. I'd like to help kids who don't have the means and tell them that you can do a lot of things with sports.

WWF: The figure four leglock is a hold that sometimes looks as if it hurts the man who puts it on as well as the victim. Is that true?

Santana: If you turn the wrong way while trying to get out of the figure four, you can hurt your own leg as well as your opponent's leg; but when you do it right, the figure four hurts only your opponent. I just want to compete and beat my opponent. Once I beat him with a figure four, I don't want to hurt him any further. It's a contest and, once the contest is over, the match is over.

WWF: Besides being a former Intercontinental Champion, you also were co-holder of the WWF Tag Team Championship. Are you considering going after the tag team title, or are you focusing on being the Intercontinental Champion again?

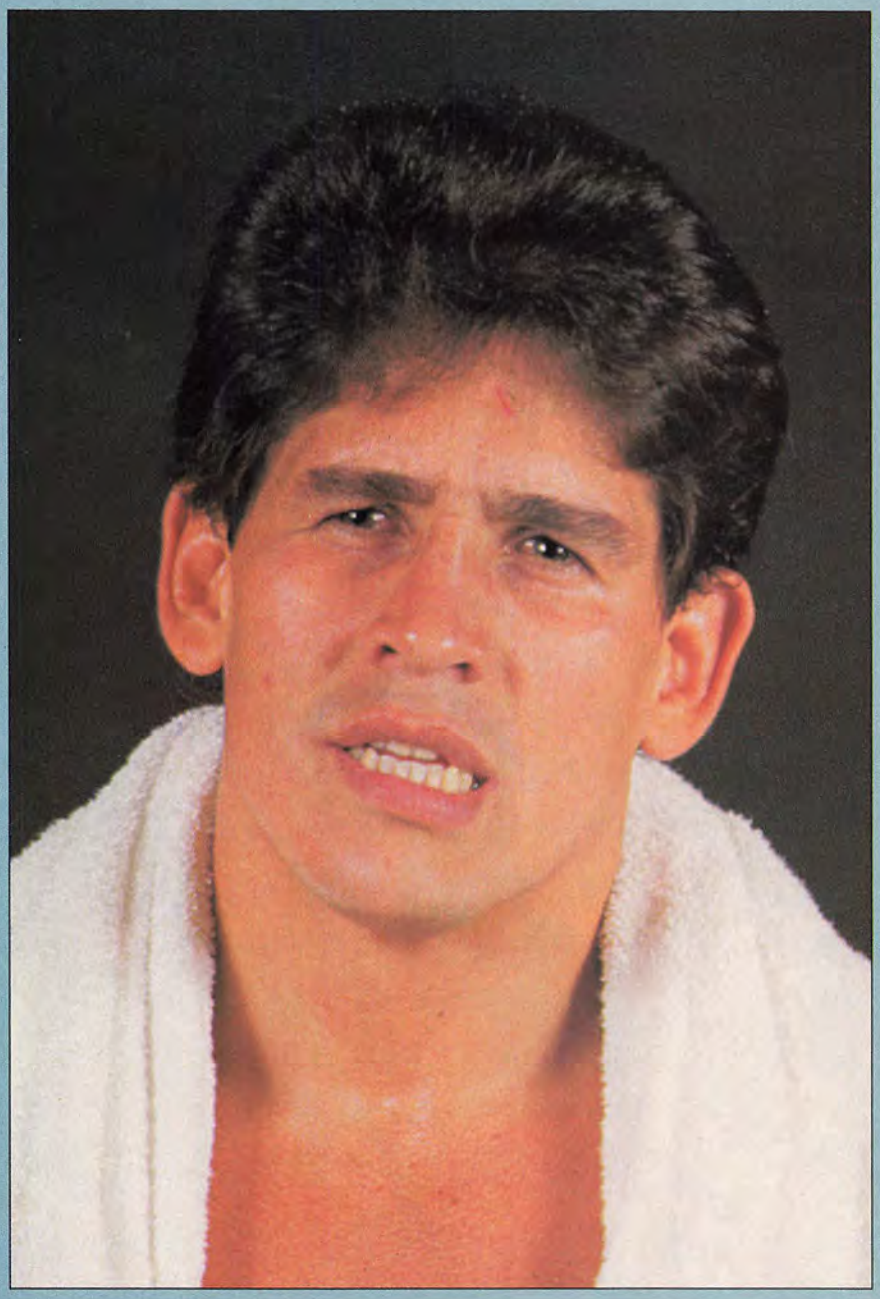
Santana: I prefer to wrestle singly now. Someday there might be a World Title shot down the line, but for now I'm waiting for another match against Randy Savage. I'd like to get another chance at him because I know that I'm a better wrestler than he is. I know I was a better champion, too.

WWF: What scares you the most?

Santana: What scares me the most right now is injuries. I've seen several wrestlers' careers end because of injuries, and it can happen to any of us. You can be on top of the world, and all of a sudden it can be all over. Injuries happen and it's scary.

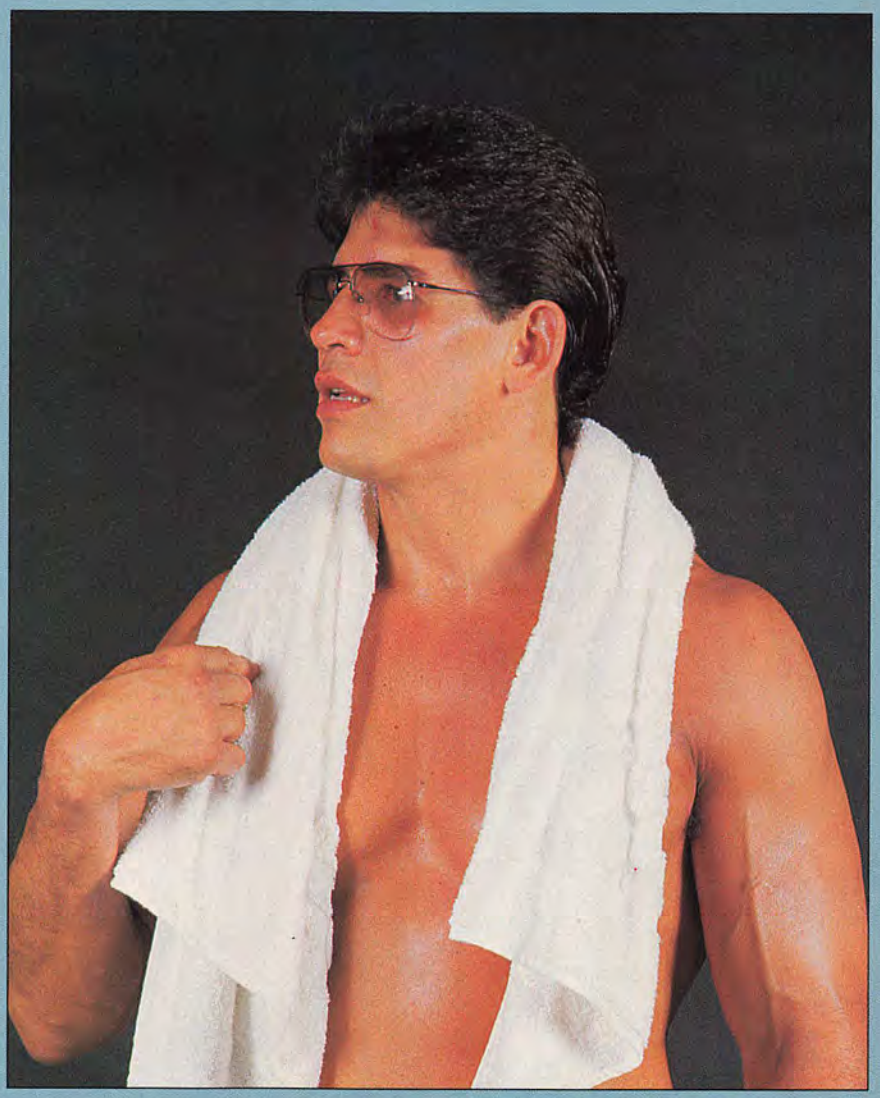
WWF: You admit you've got a quick temper. Do you feel it is an asset or a hindrance in the ring?

Santana: Well, I guess it can go either way. I try to wrestle by the rules but, if my opponent keeps



Savage runs a lot. If he's as good a wrestler as he tells everybody, he shouldn't have to run from his opponents. And then there's the underhanded way he beat me for the belt. The referee didn't see what happened. Savage pulled a foreign object out of his trunks, knocked me out and left me needing 14 stitches.

I fight fire with fire. There have been a lot of cases where it's hurt me. I've gotten myself disqualified; it's cost me some matches. Sometimes my opponent's done so many nasty things to me that I just lose my cool and try to get even.



breaking the rules, I fight fire with fire. There have been a lot of cases where it's hurt me. I've gotten myself disqualified; it's cost me some matches. Sometimes my opponent's done so many nasty things to me that I just lose my cool and try to get even, whether it's inside or outside of the ring. But, sometimes my temper has helped me to pour it on just when I've needed that something extra to help me win the match.

WWF: You have been described as a Mexican jumping bean. Is that a fair comparison?

Santana: Well, I guess the fact that I'm light on my feet is why I've been described that way. Mean Gene Okerlund has said that before, and he jokes about it with me before interviews. I guess because I'm so active once I get in the ring that it's a fair description.

WWF: What do you miss the most about Mexico?

Santana: I miss the hot and spicy food most of all. Once in a while I find a place where they cook real Mexican food, and it's nice. But it's not very often that I find real enchiladas and real Mexican tamales. Other than that, there's so much poverty in Mexico. I appreciate America, and the chance I've had in the WWF. America's got a lot to offer the people. It's pretty hard for you to make it if you're down there in Mexico. But here, with hard work in any business, you'll catch your ground and pull yourself up.

WWF: A while back you cooked a Mexican meal on a WWF television show. Do you cook at home, too?

Santana: I like to barbecue. Whenever I'm home and the weather's nice, I barbecue chicken, steaks or ribs.

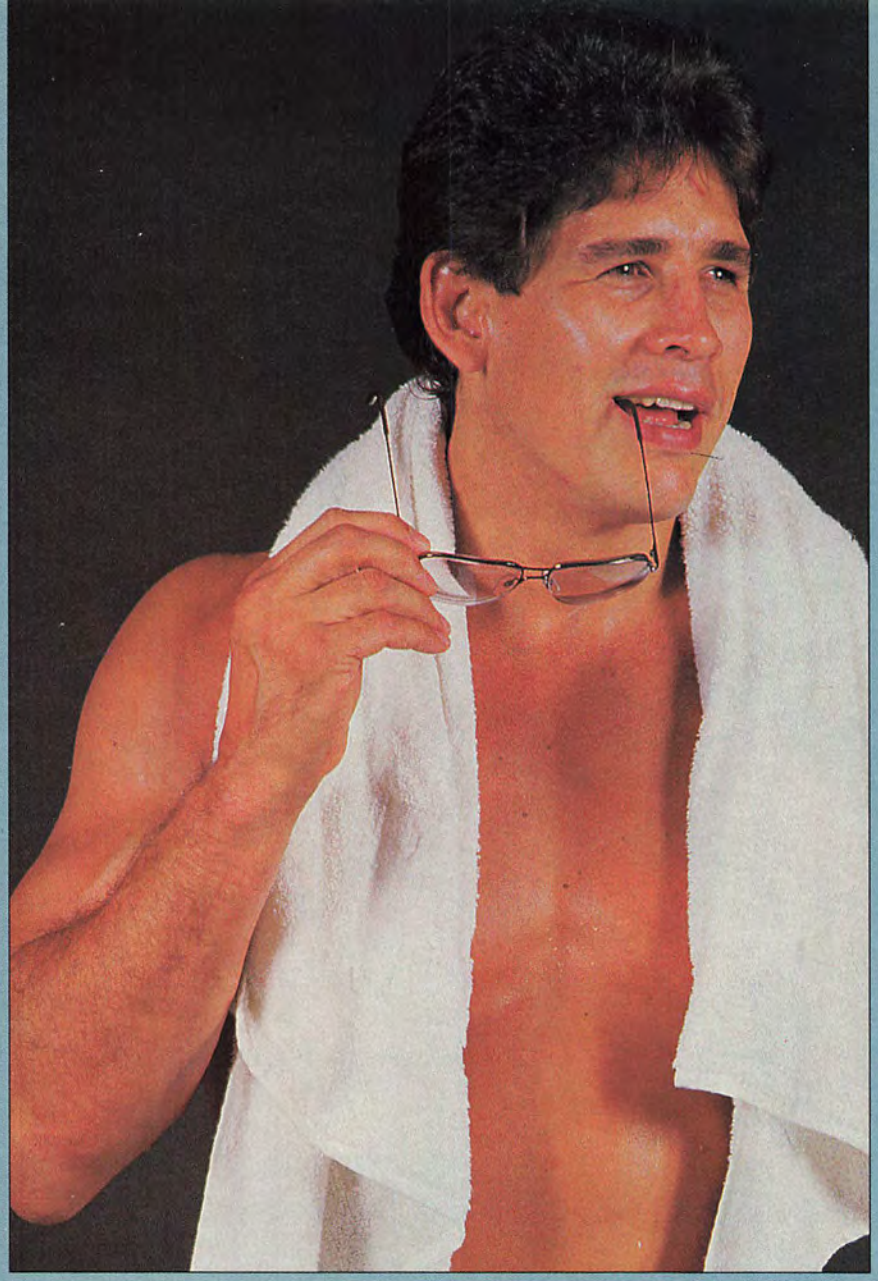
WWF: What one person would you most like to meet?

Santana: There are many successful people that I'd like to meet. I'd like to be able to talk with the President of the United States and have a down-to-earth conversation with him. The President is the No. 1 decision-maker in the world, so it'd be interesting to hear what he has to say.

WWF: Finish this sentence: Tito Santana is a man who . . .

Santana: . . . appreciates life and what the good Lord has given to him. When he's in the ring, he's a man who is not only wrestling for himself, he's wrestling for every individual who's paid for a ticket. I guess it goes back to taking pride in giving 110 percent every time I'm in the ring. Then I have the people behind me, and it means everything. I win most of my matches that way.

I think the most important thing that I do is wrestle for the fans. I realize that, if it weren't for them



being there, I wouldn't be as successful as I am now. I feel like I owe everything to the fans.

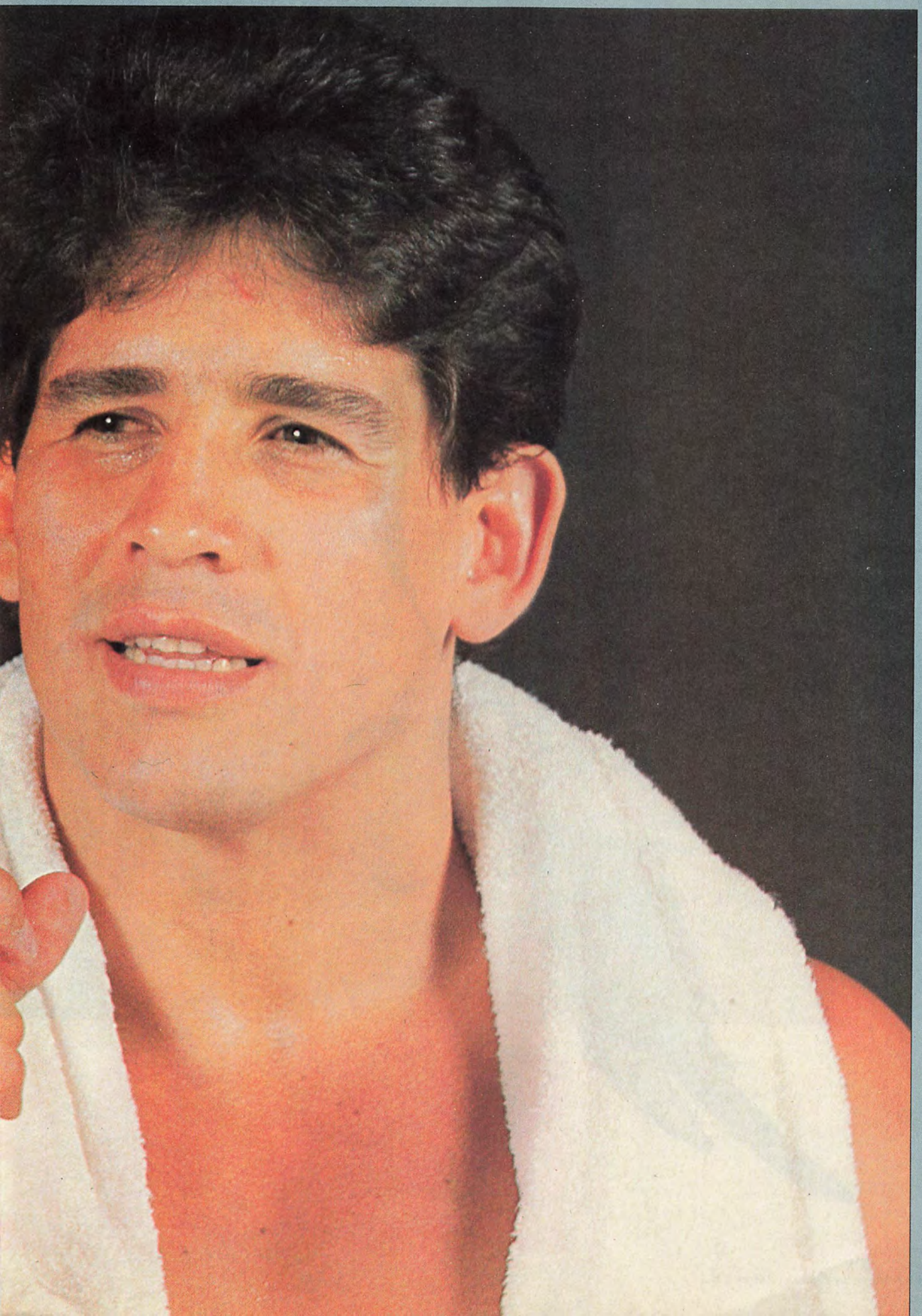
WWF: What would you like to change about yourself?

Santana: I'm very happy with everything; I don't think there's anything that I'd like to change. I have a good life, and I'm thankful for everything. Things are going good for me. I think the good Lord is looking after me.

WWF: What interests do you have away from the ring?

Santana: We do a lot of traveling in professional wrestling so, when I do have spare time, I enjoy just relaxing and taking it easy. I like to be home out in the country. I don't like the city life. I can't rest in the city. WF

I think I'm smart enough to handle my own deals and, no, I've never considered having a manager. If I had one, he would get a percentage of the money I work hard to earn.



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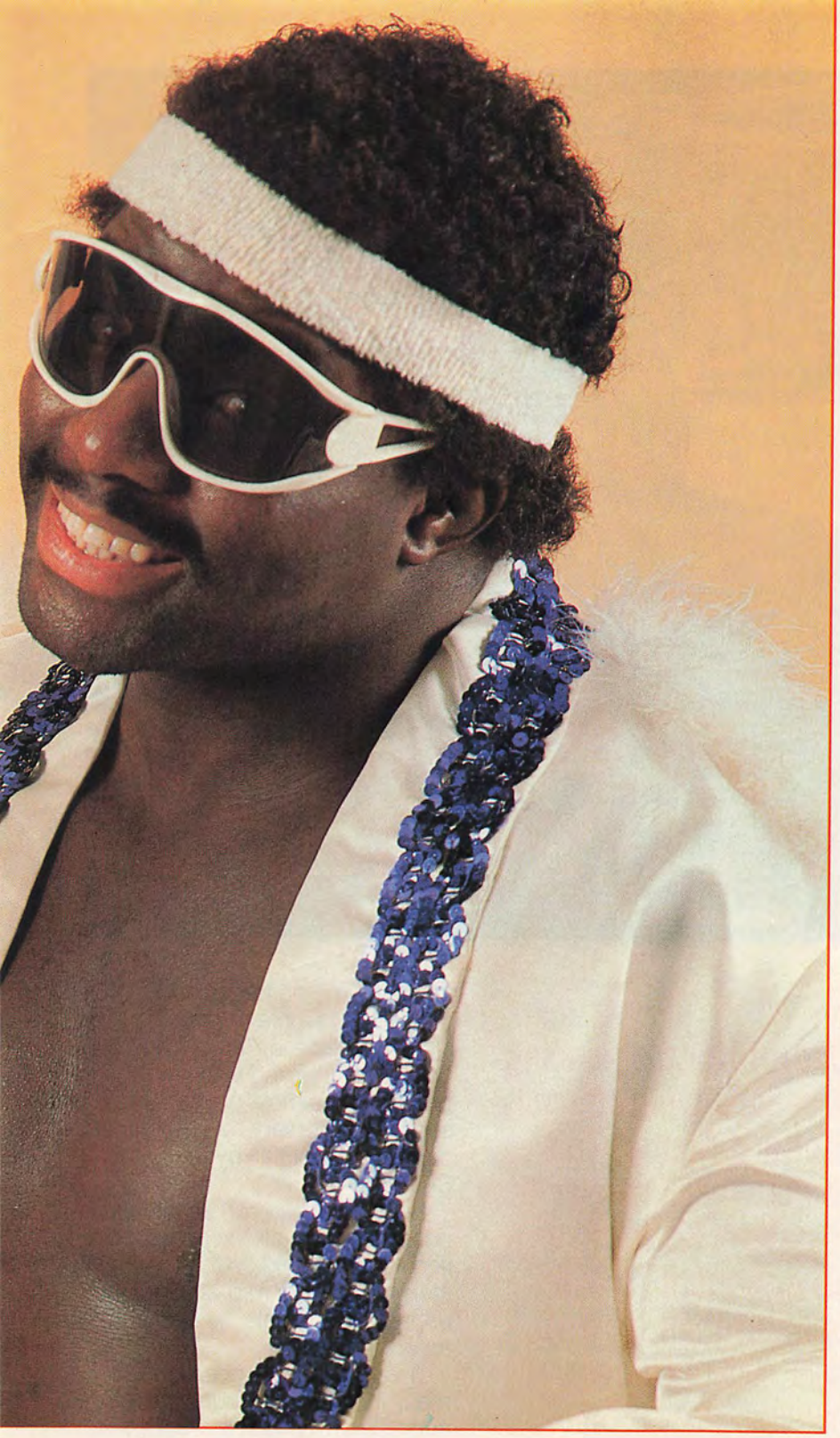


The Birdman Migrates To The WWF

B. WARE

By Carol Buffin

At the time of year when the air turns crisp and the leaves turn colors, most birds migrate. And so did the Birdman. KoKo B. Ware's new nesting place is the WWF.

"It's great to be here," says Ware. "Nothing can get me down now that I'm flying high in the World Wrestling Federation. I've had dreams of being here and, now that I'm here, I want to stay."

KoKo has come a long way from his country hometown of Union City, Tennessee. As a rookie, he started his career in Memphis, Tennessee, 100 miles from his home.

Ware and avian friend

Little by little, he learned his skills until he was ready for the big time.

The Birdman's ring style sings with stunning aerial tactics and hawklike speed. His compact 220-pound frame is power-packed, enabling him to bodyslam men much larger than himself. He may enter the squared circle as the underdog, but he surprises his opponents by swooping down on them and coming out the winner.

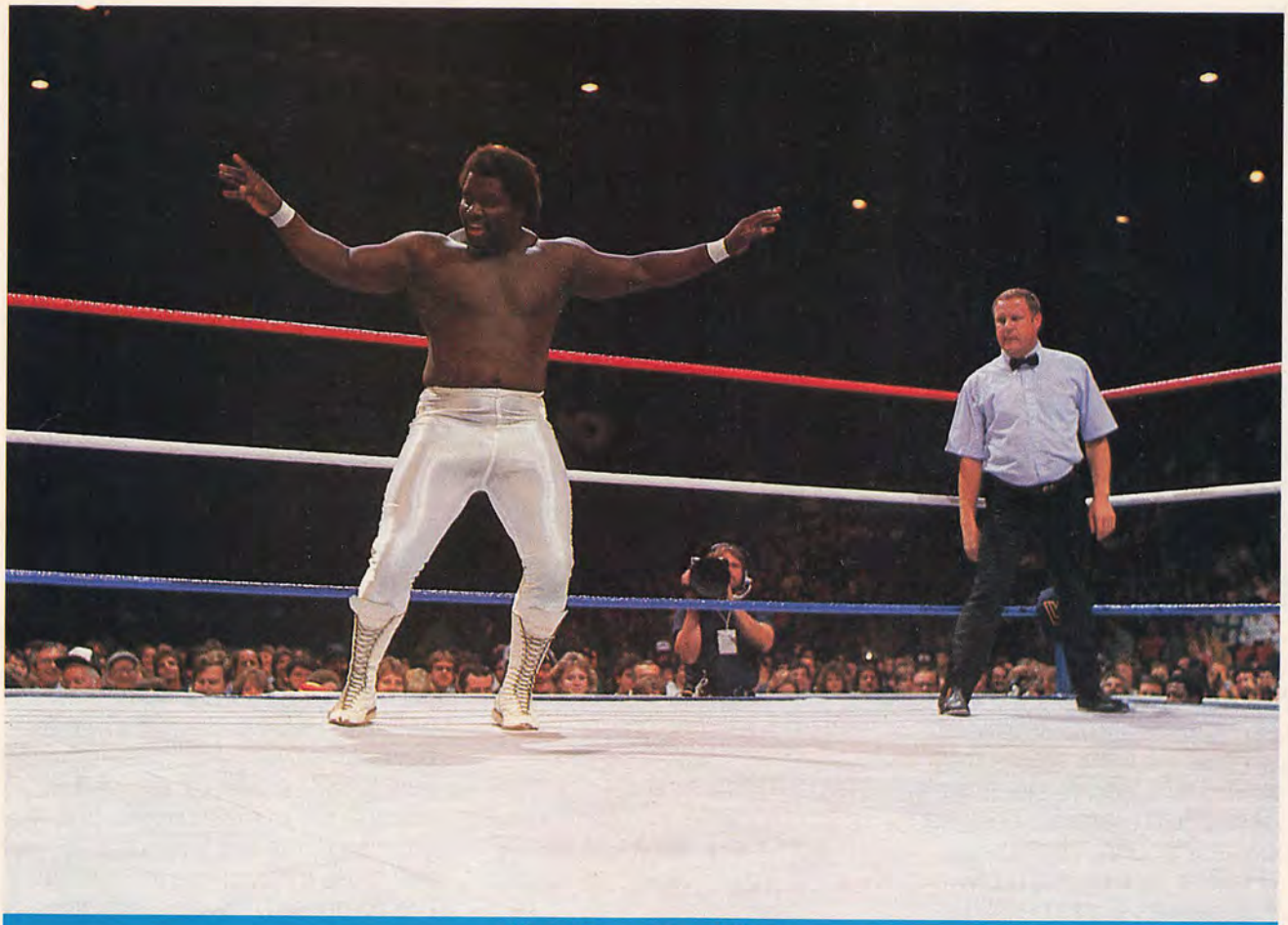
One of KoKo's winning moves is what he calls the Bird Buster. This maneuver is similar to a suplex; KoKo takes an opponent straight up, and then he just falls straight down. His hapless prey's head hits the mat, and it's lights out. Ware created this finishing hold and has been very successful each time he has used it.

One of KoKo's winning moves is what he calls the Bird Buster. This maneuver is similar to a suplex; KoKo takes an opponent straight up, and then he just falls straight down. His hapless prey's head hits the mat, and it's lights out.

Another favorite finisher is simply called the Bird, a flying dropkick delivered with timely precision. It almost never fails to send an adversary reeling to the canvas for a pinfall by the Birdman.

Birds love to perch as high as possible, and KoKo is no exception. He will stand on the top rope, then set off on a mid-air flight that ends when he sets his talons into an opponent.

"I love to have a good time, man," KoKo says, bouncing with enthusiasm. "I want to excite the people and myself when I'm in the squared circle." And he does just that with his theme song by Morris Day and the Time, appropriately called *The Bird.* It's an upbeat tune that gets everyone



He enjoys a good time

rocking and rolling, ready for KoKo to do his thing in the ring.

"When I hear that song, it really makes me get hot. Man, it's time to go! I play that song in the car or on the plane traveling to my match," says Ware. "It's a real good song that appeals to everyone of all races. I wanted something that everybody could enjoy. I feel that every person is like a star — we just have a different way of shining."

KoKo's liking for things birdy is shown by the macaw he brings to the ringside. The macaw, Frankie B. Ware, watches KoKo when he flies into action.

KoKo and Frankie make a good team, both being colorful characters. Frankie's plumage is dazzling in the bright ring lights as he fluffs his feathers and flaps his wings. KoKo's red tights and white jacket with tails also have a satin sheen played up by the lights. The Birdman struts his stuff in the ring and flaps his arms to do *The Bird* in time to the blaring music. Frankie seems to like the song, too.

"I had to train him to do that," KoKo confesses. "I set him down in front of my boom box and turned up the sound. I taped a lot of loud noises on the radio to get him used to it. At first the bird whooped and hollered and tried to get off his perch. I kept working with him and the loud noises. Finally he calmed down, and now it doesn't really bother him. You might see him jump around, but I think it's because he feels good to be in the World Wrestling Federation."

The bird keeps an intent eagle eye on the Birdman gliding around the ring. He watches KoKo like a hawk if his opponent gets the upper hand. But, he preens himself when the match is over and his master is the victor.

A bird in hand...

Ware flies high

KoKo's only had Frankie for about six months, but they've become inseparable. Feathers flew, however, the first time they met. The bird tried to bite KoKo's fingers—and Frankie's beak can apply 200 pounds of pressure.

"Frankie is still just a baby, since macaws live to be 75 to 100 years old; and he's only a year old now," says KoKo. "He'll be doing *The Bird* when I'm six feet under!

"My macaw loves to be warm and to be loved," KoKo continues. "I think he's happy to be here. He had to be quarantined for three months in Miami after coming from South America. So he likes to be able to come out of his cage and walk around in the motel room and the arena dressing room. Now when we fly on a plane, he's able to be in the passenger section under my seat instead of being in the baggage area. Everyone has accepted Frankie very well; we never have a hard time finding a place we can both stay in overnight.

"When I'm ready for my match, I tell Frankie that it's time to do our thing. He squawks and is as anxious to get out there as I am."

"The best wrestlers in the world are here in the WWF, so I have to work hard to prove myself worthy. The World Wrestling Federation is No. 1. Like my granddaddy used to say years ago—you can't beat it with a stick; you can't whup it with a switch, so don't even try."

The bird keeps an intent eagle eye on the Birdman gliding around the ring. He watches KoKo like a hawk if his opponent gets the upper hand. But, he preens himself when the match is over and his master is the victor.

"I'm willing to work hard because I want to be up there with the best," says KoKo. "I want the fans to take a liking to me and support me in my matches. In a short time, I've already come to feel close to them in every arena I've competed. My electricity taps into theirs and flows out of me to zap my opponents."

KoKo will have to overcome many tough ring veterans with far more experience. No doubt the young newcomer will ruffle a lot of feathers on his soaring ascent to the top.

"The best wrestlers in the world are here in the WWF," KoKo says, "so I have to work hard to prove myself worthy of matches with them. The World Wrestling Federation is No. 1. Like my granddaddy used to say years ago—you can't beat it with a stick; you can't whup it with a switch, so don't even try."

For those attempting to whup Ware, the above statement might ring true. And if any of his ring foes are wondering what the B. stands for in his name, KoKo has a fair warning: "Better beware of KoKo B. Ware." WF

WORST LIES

Anyone who follows the WWF knows that some less-than-scrupulous managers and grapplers often speak with forked tongue. Untruths about opponents, brags beyond any basis in truth—these are often used as psychological tactics. Other times they are a result of running off at the mouth, purely and simply. This issue, we present some of the biggest whoppers.

* * *

"I'll always be behind Rowdy Roddy Piper. Anyone who is his enemy is mine." **The Magnificent Muraco, September 5, 1985.**

* * *

"I may play rough, but you can always see it coming. I'm no backstabber." **Paul "Mr. Wonderful" Orndorff, March 15, 1986.**

* * *

"When I find me the right woman, I'll treat her like a queen." **Randy "Macho Man" Savage, April 1, 1980.**

"I really don't like hurting people. I just play a little rough." **King Kong Bundy, February 3, 1983.**

* * *

"Down deep, I really am a humble guy, like anybody else." **Brutus Beefcake, October 24, 1985.**

* * *

"I love humanity." **Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart, January 4, 1984.**

* * *

"Trust me, baby." **Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart.**

"I'm Canada's greatest athlete." **Iron Mike Sharpe, all the time.**

* * *

"Women love me." **Hercules Hernandez, May 31, 1983.**

* * *

"I really don't enjoy controversy." **Rowdy Roddy Piper, November 4, 1986.**

* * *

"The only time I break rules is when somebody else does it first." **Big John Studd, January 3, 1987.**

* * *

"If the WWF will accept me as a manager, I'll be honest and fair. My wheeling and dealing days are over, bro." **Slick, June 24, 1986.**

* * *

You may have some favorite whoppers of your own. If you'd like to send them in, mail your selections to:

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SLICKSTER THE TRICKSTER

Gets Reed Ready

By Keith Elliot Greenberg

For lovers of American folk tales, the sight of Butch Reed standing beneath the hot arena lights—muscles straining and glistening with sweat—conjures up memories of the fabled John Henry.

According to the story by Ezra Jack Keats, Henry was a black-American hero born with a hammer in his hand. He worked on farms and in cotton fields, "but all that was too tame." So he found a job on a riverboat, where he used his great strength to steer the broken paddle wheel and save the crew. Then, he helped build the cross-country railroad.

He loved to swing his hammer, singing as he clanged spikes across prairies and plowed through mountains. When a group of workers said that their steam drill had the power of six men,

Butch is a superb athlete

He's the Doctor of Style—and full of guile

It is frightening to watch Reed in the weight room. His big hands strangle the bar rather than grip it. His mouth twists into a hateful scowl. As Slick joyfully hovers about, Reed grunts menacingly, repeatedly thrusting the weights away from his body.

Reed (left) putting on the heat

John Henry challenged it. With a sledgehammer in each hand, he pounded through rock, outlasting the machine. But when his chore was finished and he stepped into the light of a dying day, he collapsed. Even his mighty heart could not stand the stress of his final triumph. He died a symbol of the fortitude and courage that made the United States.

"If you listen to the locomotives roaring through the tunnels and across the land," goes the poem, "you'll hear them singing—singing of that great steel-driving man—John Henry."

Imagine if Slick, one of the trickiest managers in the World Wrestling Federation, had gotten hold of him. First, the manager would have inflated John Henry's ego with cheap compliments—just as he did to Butch Reed. Then, he would have waved money under John Henry's nose—just as he did to Butch Reed. Then, he would have taught John Henry his "nice guys finish last" philosophy—just as he did to Butch Reed. Then, the Slickster would have molded John Henry into an imitation of the person he envies most, World Wrestling Federation Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan—just as he did to Butch Reed.

There is no denying Reed's abilities. The man is a sensational athlete and an imposing physical specimen. But when he follows the smooth-walking Slick down the aisle to the ring, fans don't see the wrestler's talents. They see his headband, fluorescent yellow trunks, matching kneepads and bleached blond hair—a copper-colored Hulkster imitation.

Reed insists that his hair color did not come out of a bottle. Running a comb through his now-golden curls, he says, "Haven't you ever seen a blond African before? My hair is naturally blond. You see, I *am* The Natural. Butch Reed, a natural athlete from my head to my feet."

At 6 feet 2 inches and 255 pounds, he brings a powerlifter's proportions through the ropes with him: 50-inch chest, 21-inch arms, 20-inch neck and 36-inch thighs. "The Natural can put a man in the hospital just by putting his arm around him," Slick brags.

The Kansas City native lives up to the hype disseminated by his manager. It is frightening to watch Reed in the weight room. His big hands strangle the bar rather than grip it. His mouth twists into a hateful scowl. As Slick joyfully hovers about, Reed grunts menacingly, repeatedly thrusting the

Reed's strong legs enable him to leapfrog with ease.

Reed thinks Hulk Hogan would be a simple conquest. "Hulk Hogan's not the only bull in the woods. One day he'll see I'm a little bit better, a little bit smarter and a little bit prettier." Unquestionably, a Reed-Hogan match would be a long-remembered war.

weights away from his body. On his large arms, the veins rise — it is almost possible to see the blood pumping through them. He finishes by banging down the bar, filling the room with a distressing echo. All who have stopped to observe look away as Reed fires them a loathsome and confrontational glare.

Reed's reasons for entering professional wrestling, Reed claims, were selfish. "I like money, and I wanted to make it fast."

And he wanted to hurt people. "Butch Reed likes to fight. If I'm not loving or eating, I'm fighting."

Arena gossip has it that Reed's contract was purchased by Slick for a sum larger than that paid for the combined services of Nikolai Volkoff and the Iron Sheik. The manager, who maintains that his source of wealth is "top secret," dismisses those who accuse him of being too free with his dollars. I'm not throwing money away, baby. Butch Reed is a valuable investment."

"That's right, Butch Reed is a valuable investment," the grappler chimes in. "Butch Reed is a better bet than having an inside trader on the stock market. Mortgage your house if you have to, 'cause you can bank on one thing. The Natural's gonna set a fire in the World Wrestling Federation. He's gonna break a lot of bodies and ruin a lot of careers and make himself and his manager a whole lot of money."

The duo may be worthy of some credit because, unlike most rulebreakers, they admit that they cheat. Reed, in particular, appears proud of his ill-favored tactics. "If I have to pull hair, gouge eyes or hit below the belt to win, fine. And I don't care what anybody thinks. If I wanted friends, I'd join a lonely hearts club, not step into a wrestling ring."

His short-term goal is utilizing his array of tricks on the popular Junk Yard Dog. Why? "Because I don't *like* Junk Yard Dog."

JYD looks forward to the battle, although he intends to be cautious. "You can't take the fool lightly," he says. "He wouldn't be in the World Wrestling Federation if he wasn't one of the best. You have to look out for Reed and his manager, known in the WWF as Slick, known in my parts as a low-down, greasy-headed, across-the-tracks brother."

Slick's response: "Junk Yard Dog is nothing but a pitiful son of a biscuit-and-gravy-eating sharecropper. He came to town on a Greyhound bus a couple of years ago, and he still can't figure out how he's gonna get back home."

Slick preps his man before a match

There is no denying Reed's abilities. The man is a sensational athlete and an imposing physical specimen. But when he follows Slick to the ring, fans don't see the wrestler's talents. They see his headband, fluorescent yellow trunks, matching kneepads and bleached blond hair — a copper-colored Hulkster imitation.

If the Dog does not live up to the manager's sorrowful analysis now, he might after a match with The Natural. In one of his first WWF confrontations, Reed was fierce and unyielding. His opponent, Don Driggers, foolishly began the bout by locking up the big man in a test of strength. Looking over at his manager with amusement, Reed shoved Driggers to the canvas, then flexed and kissed his arms, Paul Orndorff-style. When they locked up again, Reed gripped his foe's legs, lifted him like a groom carrying a bride over the threshold, and dropped Driggers on his rear. Driggers rose to continue the fight, trying to place Reed in a wristlock, but receiving a sharp elbow in the nose, plus about a half-dozen ear stomps, for his trouble. Slick ordered his cocky protégé to end the match, but Driggers found the strength to kick out of a pin attempt. More humored than angry, The Natural permitted Driggers to try an Irish whip, then reversed the move and struck the newcomer with a forceful cross bodyblock. The referee's three-count was a mere formality.

So pumped up with bravado is Reed that he thinks Hulk Hogan would be a simple conquest. "Hulk Hogan's not the only bull in the woods. One day he'll see I'm a little bit better, a little bit smarter and a little bit prettier." Perhaps. Unquestionably, a Reed-Hogan match would be a long-remembered war. The sturdy Natural could prove to be the better man. Or, like John Henry, he may learn the error of swinging a hammer one too many times. WF

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WWF Wrap Up

Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat played a major role recently in an episode of the new Walt Disney Productions show, *Sidekicks,* seen on ABC television. Steamboat appeared as the cousin of one of the program's principal characters in a segment entitled, *The Cousin That Fell to Earth.*

Steamboat also has had himself a taste of what it's like to be a professional baseball player. Prior to wrestling in Cleveland, Ohio, late last baseball season, he was invited to throw out the first ball in a game at Cleveland Municipal Stadium between the Indians and the Oakland A's. Not a bad pitch, baseball fans agreed.

Steamboat with Indians fielder Mel Hall

* * *

Macy's stores in New York City have opened WWF Action Wear Boutiques. The shops feature high-quality WWF outerwear and sportswear, mostly for adults. The boutiques opened just before the holiday season.

* * *

Snackers in Canada who buy **Hostess Chips** will find they also get a sticker of WWF stars with their bag of munchies. The three-month promotion, which began in January, will run until the end of March.

* * *

Paul "Mr. Wonderful" Orndorff and **Rowdy Roddy Piper** will try anything to beat one another, whatever the contest. Now, however, their rivalry has really gotten them in the soup. Campbell's Chunky Beef Soup,™ that is. Piper and Orndorff pitted themselves against one another in a commercial for the soup shown in Canada. Orndorff uses a spoon to eat the product, while Piper wields a fork. And **Jesse "The Body" Ventura** does color commentary. Which way is best? The jury remains out. People who were on the set said that the producers kept the two wrestlers away from each other as much as possible but, even so, "things got kind of tense."

Piper and Orndorff argue soup's merits while Jesse comments

* * *

You'll see the advertisement in this issue. The WWF has started a fan club. The **Official WWF Fan Club** now offers members a bevy of benefits. You get a color membership certificate for hanging on the wall, a membership card, a membership pin, collectible WWF stickers and iron-on transfers, a WWF Superstars poster, and more —plus discounts on *WWF Magazine* subscription rates and on WWF merchandise.

* * *

WWF Champ **Hulk Hogan** continued his televised "courting" of **Joan Rivers** on *The Late Show.* Hogan gave Rivers a WWF jacket, a Hulk Hogan action figure and a lifesize cardboard cutout of the champion to remind her, he said, of him on cold nights. WF

Hulk with a figure for Rivers

The champ pumps up for Joan and D Ruth Westheimer, also a guest on the show

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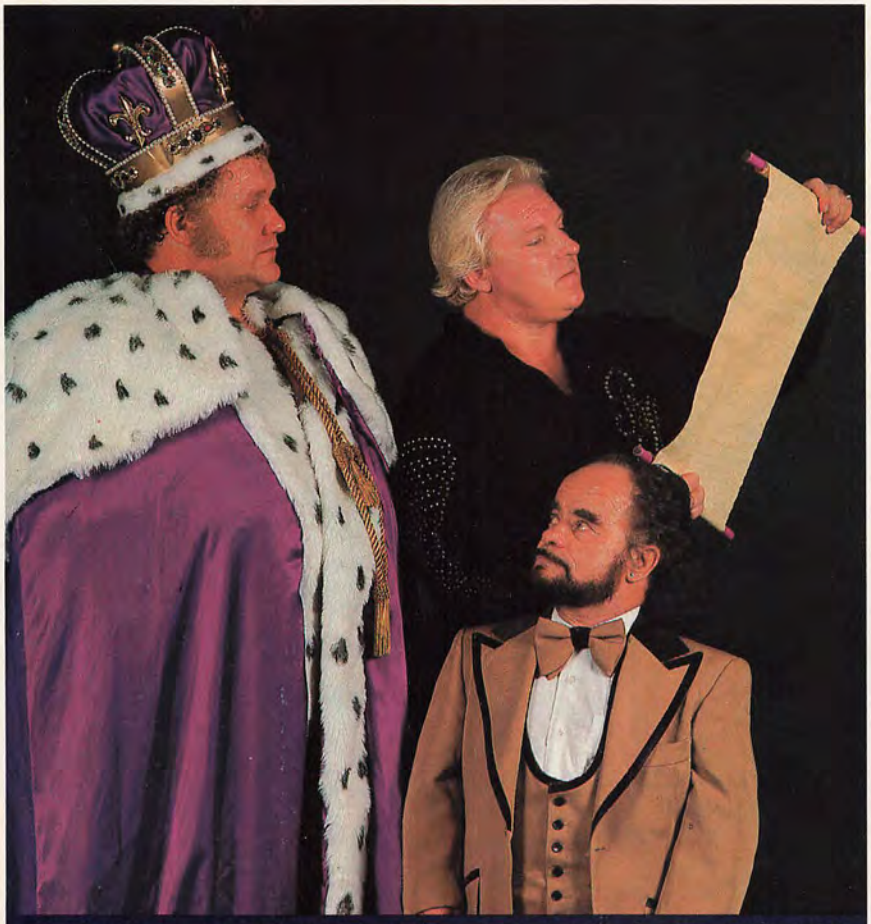
Everybody else can eat their hearts out. Handsome Harley Race—that's right, yours truly—is the official King of the Ring. I was crowned proper. I had all the witnesses I needed. It was on television. The world saw them put a crown on my head and drape me in a purple robe. And purple's the royal color. Hulk Hogan, Ricky Steamboat, Roddy Piper and all the rest can moan and complain all they want. They can't change the fact that I'm their king.



Bobby Heenan reads proclamation declaring Harley Race King Of The Ring at his televised coronation while a faithful subject looks on.

I'm king because I took out everybody who came up against me in the King of the Ring tournament. Nobody had a chance. For me, it was easy. It was easy because I'm the world's greatest wrestler. The ring is my kingdom. I know more about wrestling than anybody else. I invented or improved the holds that everybody uses today. I keep coming up with new ones that nobody can figure out.

And now that I'm king, don't think anybody can take away my crown. It fits me and only me. Nobody's whipped me, and nobody can. Let 'em come, let 'em try. Fool with the king, and you're fooling with trouble.

Another reason I'm the real king is because I've got the style. I'm not like those other clowns. Every move I make, in and out of the ring, is class, pure class. And that's why there's so much jealousy aimed at me. When I come up and take my place in the ring, it turns people green.

People envy kings. But only a few people are good enough to be royalty. And the best of them all is King Harley. My reign will go on forever. WF

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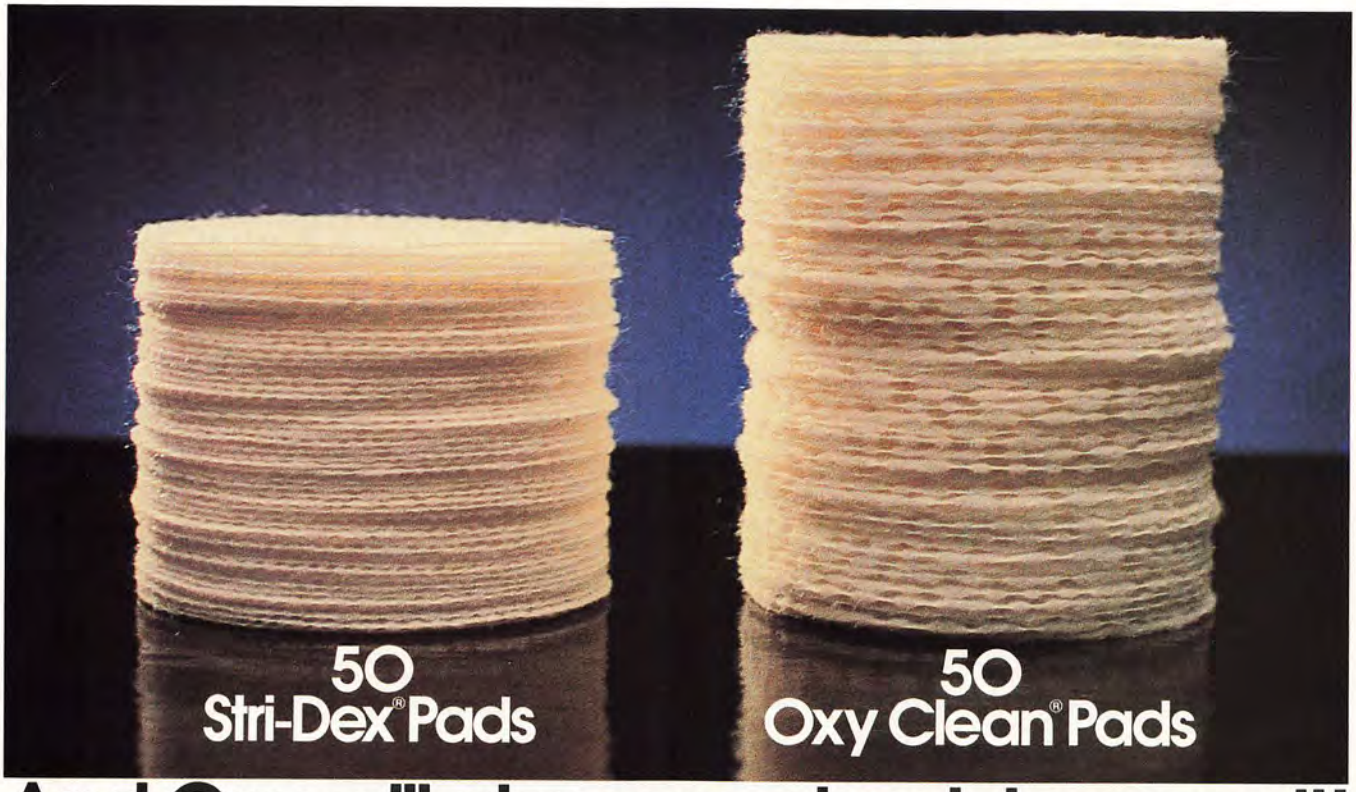

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